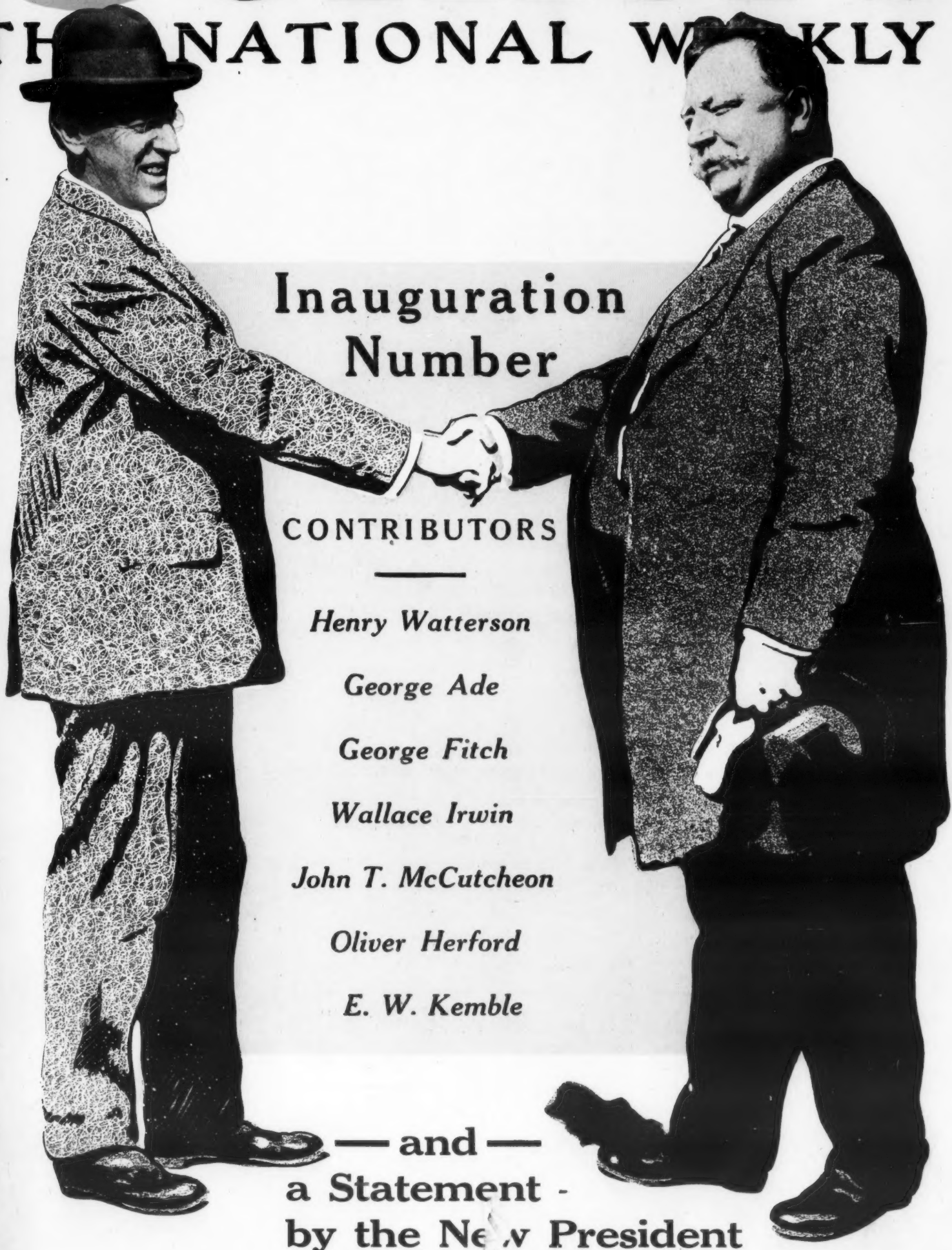


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Collier's

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— and —
a Statement -
by the New President

**Give Yourself
"A Square Deal"**



**Kellogg's
is the
"Square Deal"
Food**

This Means:

IF you could buy a case of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes at a greatly reduced price per package, you might be induced to do so; but before you could eat them all, the first blush of their glorious freshness would be gone. It would be a bad bargain for you. But the grocer won't tempt you to buy more Kellogg's than you need. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits you.

If the small corner grocer could not buy Kellogg's in small lots at the same price the big city dealer has to pay for big lots, he would have to buy big lots too, and he would have stale corn flakes to sell you. But there is no reason for his buying more Kellogg's than he can quickly sell. There is no reduction for quantity. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits the small grocer and you.

If the big grocer could save money by buying Kellogg's by carloads instead of by the case, he, too, might be tempted to do so, and his flakes would not have the freshness they now have. But he gets no advantage by carload buying. There is no reduction for quantity. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits the large grocer and you.

The Kellogg "Square Deal" is as hard to imitate as the Kellogg Flavor.

March 10th to 17th is "Kellogg Week." Ask Your Grocer Why

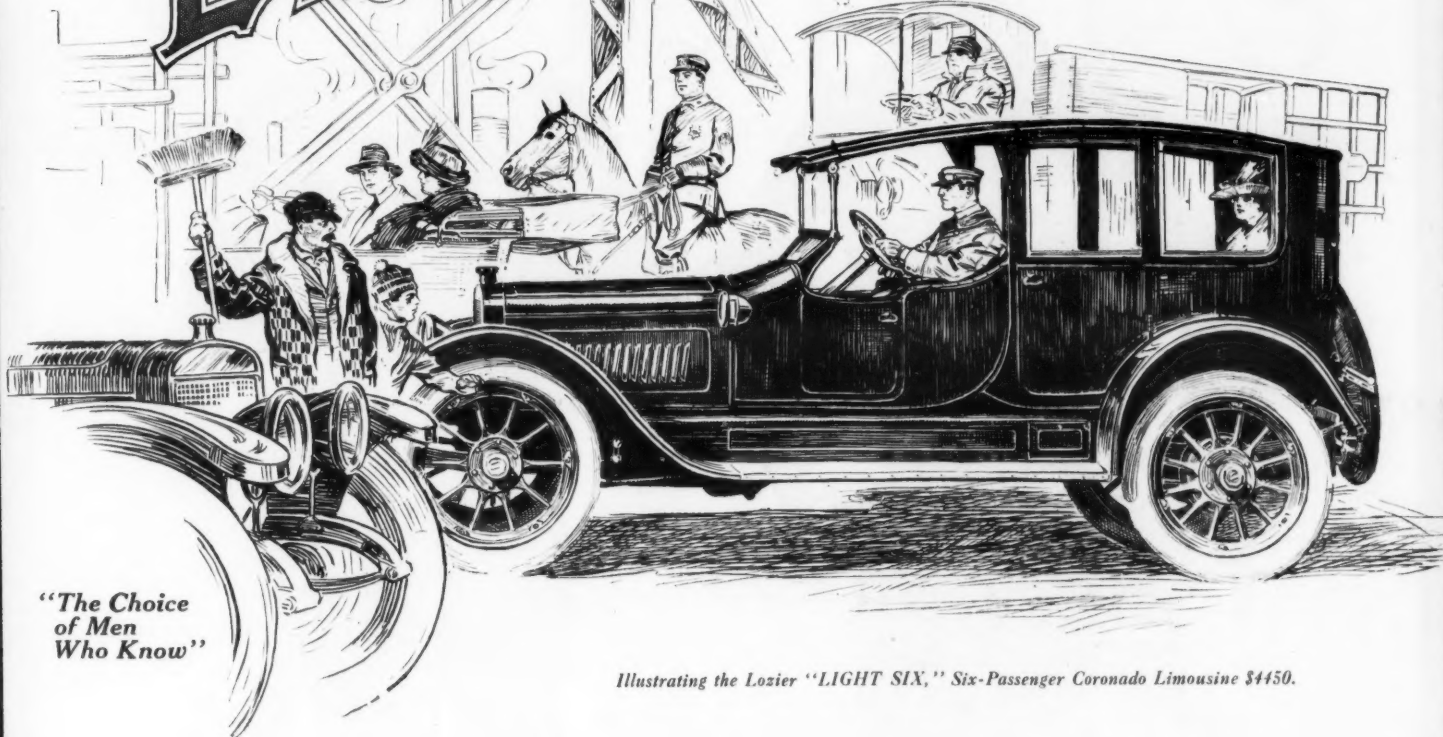
*The
Original
has This
Signature*

W. K. Kellogg



LOZIER

"BIG SIX"—\$5000
"LIGHT SIX"—\$3250



*"The Choice
of Men
Who Know"*

Illustrating the Lozier "LIGHT SIX," Six-Passenger Coronado Limousine \$4450.

IN THIS, the sixth successful season of Lozier Sixes, even with Lozier production increased four-fold in its two great plants, there will not be enough Loziers to supply all those who want them. Every prediction made last fall has come true. Every forecast Lozier dealers made has worked out to the letter. Therefore, those who expect to get their Loziers this year will do well to place their bona fide orders now, just as more than fifteen hundred purchasers have already done.

To everyone who knows the automobile industry and the relative regard in which the several high-grade cars are held, there is nothing surprising about the sweeping success of Lozier this year.

For eight years the Lozier has been the only American-built car that has commanded and still commands a price of \$5000.

For six years the Lozier has been the most talked-of six cylinder car in the world.

Up to the Fall of 1911 when, with the winning of the Vanderbilt Cup, Lozier withdrew from racing because it seemed that any further victories could add no higher honors and because the car had been brought to perfection by what racing had taught in years of grilling tests—up to that time every principal honor the American speedway could offer had come to Lozier.

Year after year these victories came because the Lozier was built right. A Lozier was never withdrawn from a race because of mechanical difficulties. Lozier strength, power, endurance and safety won these races, just as Lozier strength, power, endurance and safety have won the respect and admiration of all men who know motor cars.

And the Lozier continues to lead all American cars with no

LOZIER "LIGHT SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—streamline body design, Electric Starting and Lighting System. Touring and Runabout models \$3250. Coupe \$3850. Limousines \$4450.

other builders sufficiently endowed with ideals and experience to combat its leadership.

No wonder, then, that when the Lozier "LIGHT SIX"—a true Lozier for \$3250—was added to the line this year, thousands wanted this car. Thousands who for years have wanted Loziers but did not feel they could afford to pay \$5000 for one.

No wonder that dealers all over the country telegraphed or came to Detroit to secure the Lozier agency. No wonder that our branches in the principal cities received as many as fifty calls and letters in a single day asking them to arrange demonstrations.

The Lozier "LIGHT SIX" has simply swept everything before it in the high-grade field. No other car commonly reputed to maintain similar high-grade standards of construction and service offers a Six at anywhere near the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" price.

The Lozier "BIG SIX" will set a new record in the sale of \$5000 cars—for men who know automobiles and can afford to take advantage of their knowledge are satisfied with nothing less than Lozier quality. And Lozier quality in its entirety—mechanical precision, power, luxury and comfort—is found only in Lozier cars.

Lozier leadership was never so firmly established as it is today.

LOZIER "BIG SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—electric lighting. Smokeless oiling system, unequalled fuel economy. Touring models and Roadster \$5000. Limousines and Landaulets \$6500.

Catalogues mailed on request.

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 2203 Mack Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Factories: Detroit, Michigan, and Plattsburg, New York

Branches in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Dealers in all other Principal Cities.

LOZIER

Kuppenheimer Clothes



Copyright, 1913, B. Kuppenheimer & Company

The surest proof of a man's faith in himself is to be well dressed—and it's a compliment to those about him.

HERE is a true illustration of real men as they really look in Kuppenheimer Clothes. Down-to-the-day in style—fabrics of pure virgin wool—and you'll go far to find such skill in tailoring.

You'd better see all the new Kuppenheimer styles and fabrics, now being displayed by the better dealers everywhere. Our book, "Styles for Men," sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

Colliers



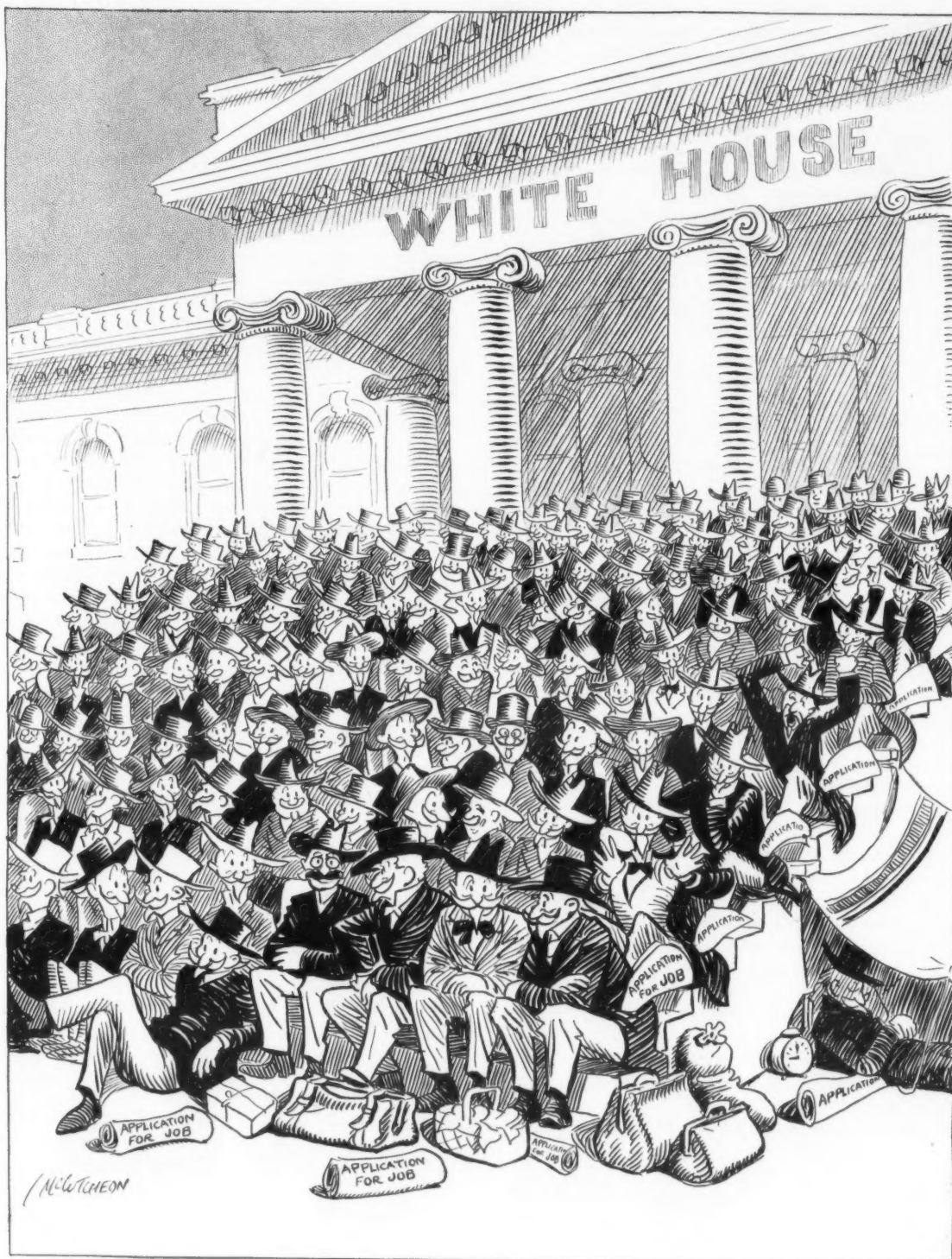
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Waiting for Woodrow



The Near Future in the United States

IT MUST BE CLEAR to every man who has any perspective through history and any vision of the immediate future that the inauguration of a Democratic President, supported by a Democratic House and Senate, is much more than a change of political dynasties. Certain definite results will flow from the Democratic régime, notably the reversal of the country's dominating economic principle of protection and the undoing of much of that concentration into large units which has been the most important phenomenon of industrial America during the past twenty years. But much more is about to happen—events and tendencies which will mark Mr. WILSON'S inauguration as both the beginning and the end of an era. Some of these phenomena of the near future are related to what is unique in Mr. WILSON'S political dogma; but many of them are merely "in the womb of time"—they are bound to happen regardless of politics or party.

Why Immigration Will Cease to Trouble Us

PROFOUND AND FAR-REACHING EFFECTS are sure to follow one phenomenon whose imminence has generally been overlooked. Congress, within the past few weeks, got around to passing a bill restricting immigration just at the time when immigration, in the quantities in which we have been accustomed to it, is about to cease. There are several reasons for this: Most of the nations of western Europe, from which



we have received the bulk of our immigration in the past, have ceased to be overflowing countries. We no longer receive immigrants in any quantity from England, Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France, or Spain. Germany is still a nation in which the birth rate exceeds the capacity of the country to absorb the surplus population; but Germany keeps a directing hand on its emigrants and no longer sends them to the United States—they go to German colonies in Africa or to points in South America where their racial solidarity is maintained. Italy, from which we have received more immigrants than from any other country

during the past few years, is just about to cease to be available as a supply for new population for the United States. This is for two reasons: The emigration that has already taken place from Italy has so reduced its labor supply that wages for labor in the United States and Italy now approach parity, considering the difference in the cost of living. In the second place, Italy's recent aggrandizements in Africa have opened up territory into which the national spirit will want to direct, for colonization, whatever emigrants are available. The Slav remains; but there are good reasons why we shall receive fewer immigrants from southeastern Europe in the future. The cessation of Turkish rule in a large territory has opened up for development what is the equivalent of a new country. And there will happen in Macedonia and the other territory recently abandoned by Turkey just what happened in Bulgaria, Roumania, and Serbia after the cessation of Turkish rule. In these countries the last thirty years have been like the last thirty years on our own Pacific Slope, a period of growth and development, with new towns, new cities, new railroads, and a very large absorption of population. Finally, in the event that Russia should happen to get an acceptable and reasonably democratic government, there will open up right at the doorsteps of what sources of immigration we have left a country much nearer, much more virgin, and, for many reasons, much more tempting to these emigrants. *The period of great immigration to the United States is over. There will continue to be, for some time at least, a fluid labor supply which finds it easy, in the present era of fast ships, to go back and forth according as business in this country is active or depressed. Apparently, Ellis Island will continue to be busy; but substantially a picturesque and important epoch in American history has passed forever.*

A Source of National Wealth Cut Off

THOSE WHO HAVE ADVOCATED the restriction of immigration, and are now about to see their wish fulfilled without restriction, might well have paused if they had thought deeply into the economic consequences of the drying up of our great fountain of new population. Consider the value of an immigrant who comes to this country at an age anywhere between ten and thirty: All the expense of his birth and of nurture through the period of helplessness has been borne by another

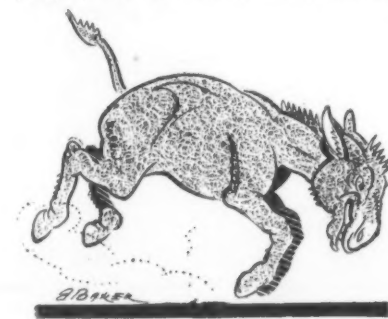
nation. He comes to us a productive laborer. If we appraise him as we would appraise cattle, or on the basis that slaves were appraised before the war, he is worth at least a thousand dollars. A million immigrants a year have been worth a thousand million dollars to the country. This is greater than the value of our biggest crop, more than our boasted annual corn crop or wheat crop. The immigrant crop has been the basis of our enrichment. With its cessation we must accustom ourselves to a slower and more tedious rate of increase in our national wealth. And for the labor that we need, the tens of millions of people we ought to have to reduce the Mississippi Delta to gardens, and elsewhere to bring the land to the maximum of economic production, we shall have to depend on our native birth rate. Happily, other factors about to come into operation will probably cause this native birth rate to be larger in the near future than it has been in the past.

"Back to the Land" at Last

THE MOST WHOLESOME of the impending economic changes in the United States will be the reversal of the drift of population from the country to the city. *The census of 1920 will be the first for more than a generation to show a diminishing rate of city growth and an increase of rural population.* The reason for our present condition has been, of course, that the protective tariff has made manufacturing excessively profitable. And, in order that the city factory owner might become rich, the country has been drained of its youth to work for him. Not only did they come as factory workers but to supply all those varied demands which the growth of the city brought—the extension of streets, the stimulation of the building trades, and the increase of transportation. *The reduction of the tariff will withdraw this premium from manufacturing. There will follow a real back-to-the-land movement of large proportions and most healthy significance.* "Back-to-the-farm," so long as it remains what it has been, merely a sentimental slogan, amounts to nothing. For the number of people who will leave the city and go on the farm because of sentiment, or because their intelligence tells them it is best for them, is small. The bulk of human nature is such that it will leave the city for the country only through severe economic pressure, only because they find it no longer easy to get food or shelter in the city. This change will hurt for the moment, but it will be incalculably valuable to the nation; and while the parents and adults who are transplanted in mature life may suffer inconvenience, their children will profit enormously in every physical and moral aspect.

The Cost of Living Will Come Down

THE RESULTS which will follow from this drift of population back to the land will be complex, but in the aggregate they will constitute probably the most beneficent phenomenon of a generation. Business generally—the ordinary lines of manufacture and commerce—will profit greatly, for there is no purchaser so satisfactory as the prosperous farmer. And his numbers will inevitably increase. Very soon, of course, there will be a large increase in the production of farm commodities, and this will be the beginning of a long-awaited, much-needed tendency—the reduction of the high cost of living. City property owners may very well suffer. (This refers only to those Eastern cities whose growth has been based on protected manufacturing, and not to the Western cities whose growth has been a wholesome and normal response to the living needs and rising prosperity of the people.) The property owner in the Eastern city has been profiting by increases in price which have been based on nothing more than the fatuous expectation that these cities would go on growing forever. There is a sound German proverb that "God never permits the tree to grow so tall as to scrape the sky." During the last ten years there has been a net reduction of London's population of 550,000 people, and its taxable value has fallen \$1,500,000. MOMMSEN has figured out from the water-tax receipts that Rome in the time of HADRIAN had a population of 1,500,000. To-day it is under 500,000. What happened in Rome is what would have happened in the United States if our present tendency had gone on: the cost of living, including rent and taxation, increased to a point where the taxpayer abandoned his property and moved to the country.





THE DEATH OF MADERO

AND so it has come about that what is known as "being practical" is considered all-important; everybody will be "practical" and nobody so silly as to give his life for his country, for, after all, what is one's country? A myth; an immaterial, intangible thing, which produces nothing.

There is such a thing as faith, which can raise one to a realm to which mere reason cannot penetrate. This faith has always inspired great sacrifices, sublime abnegations—this faith which, piercing the cold facts, sees the higher destiny of a nation, the mysterious hand of Providence reaching out to guide a people.

Peace under the law. Peace, turbulent, if you will, but full of vitality—the peace of a free people, not the sepulchral peace of the oppressed, whose inanimate tranquillity nothing can disturb.

These were the words of the man who has gone down to defeat and death in Mexico after a year's struggle against hopeless odds. There was almost

no chance for him from the first. He could please no one—neither the powerful, whose feudal grip his modern ideas would have broken could they have been carried into effect, nor the helpless brown mass, whose voice he became, and who fancied, once Don PANCHITO were President, they could pick silver pesos from the trees. He was no fighter,



"the little sawed-off," as the pelados called him, no iron man, born to rule. Had he been that, indeed, the revolution he led might have been commonplace enough. He was just an ordinary man in a straw hat—a worried little man trying to help. A dreamer, no doubt, as people are fond of repeating, but it took more than invertebrate mooning to write the "Presidential Succession" and to rise against old Don PORFIRIO when the Diaz tradition still stood solid as a rock. The success of MADERO, the coming to the capital of that comfortable provincial family, so free from the polished inhumanity often found in Mexicans of the ruling class, seemed a definite step forward in the humanizing of that strange land of sunshine and dust and blood. And whatever MADERO'S mistakes or inefficiencies, the crushing out of this experiment in democracy carries with it that sense of almost personal tragedy which is felt when, in any part of the world, the Napoleonic cynicism, that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, seems for the moment true. A benevolent dictatorship is perhaps the only government for Mexico at the moment, but there is little promise of benevolence in the Diaz-Huerta pretorian guard. In the shelters to which FRANCISCO MADERO'S family and followers may be driven there is at least this thing for them to remember: Visions like his may not always come true, but they are not forgotten. And it is "crazy dreamers," like "El Chapparito," to whom, generations after the "practical" men are dust, grateful peoples build monuments and of whom they sometimes make their saints.

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT in a recent issue of the New York "Herald":

W. J. DARGEON, INC.

My First-Class Funeral With Grave, \$115

Hearse, three coaches to any cemetery or depot within ten miles; service and attendance, including deed of grave for the interment of three adults, complete.

NEVER ONE DISSATISFIED PATRON

He has never been haunted!

THE OTHER MAN

IT IS BUT A FAIR DISTRIBUTION of felicitations to say that if THEODORE ROOSEVELT had never lived, or if chance had never made him President, WOODROW WILSON would spend this present 4th of March at Princeton University, still writing reactionary books. Mr. ROOSEVELT largely created and, from the high pulpit of the Presidency, gave resounding expression to that liberalism which finally became the dominating atmosphere of the nation, infected Mr. WILSON, and caused a complete about face in his attitude toward popular government. Moreover, it was largely Mr. ROOSEVELT'S example and approval which gave vogue to the scholar in politics, and made it possible for some one other than the old-fashioned safe and sane business man to become Governor of New Jersey and President of the United States.

THE STRENGTH OF BREVITY

WHITE PAPER is costly, but the New York newspapers printed long reviews of "Joseph and His Brethren." Yet the most exhaustive criticism of it we overheard the other night. "How'd you like it?" he asked. "Well," she replied, "it seems to me like a great moving picture, spoiled by talking."

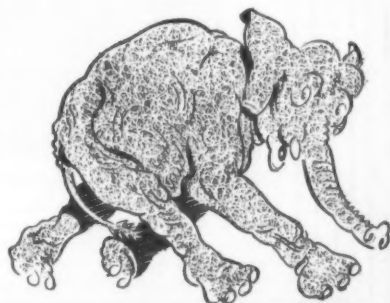
UNREST

THE CAUSES OF UNREST lie deeper than we sometimes guess.

We know a Hebrew matron, wife of a painter and the mother of three boys, and she is one of the restless women. She turns to outside work as toward a solution for that in her which is unexpressed. Her excellent mind is worthy of hard labor in research day by day. The home alone cannot absorb her. She will enhance the home by leaving it for a few years through the working hours. But it is doubtful if in work she will come to the peace she is craving. For she is a Hebrew matron, and has inherited the traditions of her race, its desire for the one God. In her is a little of the same nature that could drive a nail through the head of a heathen, and sing the song of emancipation. But those ancestral women were stayed in the thought of God. In the tumultuous world of change they had found the unchangeable. To-day our modern woman is questing in many directions. Much of what she seeks she will find. Surely she will win her suffrage, her minimum living wage, her right to carry on her work in and through the home, or separate from the home. To her will be given the fuller life, for that way justice lies. But when she clears the tangle, once again she will face herself. Her unrest had come to the surface in rebellion at the silent years of dependence, the hidden injustices. But once she is free to think and feel in an environment which does not thwart or suppress, there will be the old sense of drifting, the absence of anchorage in a world of aimless motion. Again she must be about her ancient business of finding God. Again she must bring back to the consciousness of man that there is a process at work through suffering, that life is touched with mystery, that we are sharers of the secret of the central Worker. Her life will seem as aimless as the flight of autumn leaves till she is interpenetrated with that sense of kinship to the creative process.

SAVING THE HOME

ONCE THE HOME was threatened by danger without from hostile tribe and predatory male. To-day its foes are inside the household, subtler than the ancient enemies. The wife and mother of to-day is no longer in peril of her body. But she may be conquered by monotony: emptiness of days, one day tracking the other in unbroken monotony, with an ever-growing heaviness of spirit, a lessened zeal of attack. Many Americans in towns and cities are becoming standardized, are growing into a race of clerks. We know a family of folk who saw these creeping dangers that threaten the modern home. They saw how routine and security bounded their life. They saw the multitude of young and middle-aged men caught into the mesh of organization. They saw them as clerks in banks—sometimes forty of them, sometimes two hundred—huddled over desks, burning electricity by day, with the timid curve at the shoulders. As small librarians, as bookkeepers, as shop clerks, as secretaries, with tired, leveled-off spirit, with patience and sweetness and quenched hopes. The slightly saddened resignation with which they accepted their work, and continued in it, was reflected in their home life. The wife of the routine man was sometimes bathed in the same monotony. A subdued sense diffused itself through the household as if the dwellers had effectually deadened the illusion that life was anything of an adventure, a fine piece of daring, with creative touches in it and glimpses of unexpected things. So this household of our acquaintance learned to dread the tyranny of accustomed things, the settling down of habits, the getting rooted in one place so deeply that it would cause pain to shake loose. At intervals, through many years, they have flavored life with change. The woman of the family has been abroad three times in the last ten years and the man five times in the last eleven years. The woman went over twice in a cattle boat. The vessel had room for a handful of passengers, and the round trip cost \$90. Her total expenditure, ocean voyage and all, for a period of four months and six days was \$320. That yielded up York, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, Salisbury, and Stonehenge; a month in North Devon and seven weeks in London. She preferred living in a small country inn in a Devon village to postponing the English visit till there was gold enough for lodging in the large tourist hotels. Whenever the man could see liberty for two or three days he went out on a walking trip. It is necessary from time to time to wander, to renew one's sense of the springtime of the earth and its amazing variety of peoples.





Only Progressives

By WOODROW WILSON

I N LOOKING forward to the responsibilities I am about to assume, I feel, first, last, and all the time, that I am acting in a representative capacity. Some men have been slow to observe, but the majority of us have seen that the people of the United States have expressed a definite choice. I am one of the instruments through whom that choice is to be exercised, but I am for the time, and that choice is for the long future. The American people have turned their faces in a definite direction, and any party, any man, who does not go with them in that direction they will reject, and they ought to reject.

I am bidden to interpret as well as I can the purposes of the people of the United States, and to act, in so far as my purpose determines the action, through the instrumentality of persons who likewise represent that choice. I have no latitude in the matter. My sacred honor is involved, and nothing more could be at stake. Therefore I shall not be acting in a partisan spirit when I nominate progressives—and only progressives. I shall be acting as a representative of the people of this great country.

It is a supreme pleasure to me to find in every direction, as I turn from one group to another, that men's minds and men's consciences and men's purposes are yielding to that great impulse that now moves this nation as a whole. Therefore I do not anticipate any serious divisions of counsel in the Democratic party as a national body. Indeed, I find in it every evidence of solidarity. It is led by men who are absolutely free to do what they have promised to do, and who realize that the very life of the party depends on its living up to its pledges. Our party has been trusted by the voters of the country, and it is going to redeem this trust with performance.

The Democratic party now stands or falls as it redeems or does not redeem the pledges it has made to the voters of the United States. "We, the people," as the Constitution begins, are about to see whether or not we own our own Government, and if the men who have been put in office go back on the people now, I, for one, hope that they will be publicly execrated for the rest of history and held up to the contempt of mankind.

But I may reiterate what I have already said: that the business future of this country does not depend upon the Government of the United States. It depends upon the business men of the United States. This nation is full of honorable men who have carried on large commercial enterprises in a manner sanctioned both by their consciences and their interpretation of the laws. But they have had their eyes so close to their ledgers, they have had their energies so absorbed in the undertakings with which they were individually identified, that they have not raised their eyes from their books and papers, have not seen how the things they were doing stood related to the fortunes of mankind until the nation spoke in a loud voice. Now they are beginning to see these relationships. The hope of America is in the changing attitude of the business men toward the activities in which they are to engage in the future. The nation cannot move successfully onward and upward save by concert of purpose and of judgment. Progress made under the spur of the law is generally imperfect and seldom permanent.

As I have specified at other times, the problems of the immediate future consist of four sets of things that have to be done. First and foremost, we must husband and administer the common resources of this country for the common benefit. Reservation is not a rounded policy of conservation. But until the business men of America declare themselves willing to husband and to administer, as if for others' as well as for their own profit, the natural

resources of the country, it will be immensely difficult to devise a process of general use.

Raw materials, in the second place, indigenous to this country must be at the disposal of everybody in the United States upon equal terms. By this I do not mean that the Government must determine the precise terms upon which they are to be available, but that there shall be no discrimination among those who are to have access to these resources.

Analogous to open ways to raw materials, and necessary thereto, is the third thing to be done. The credit of this country must be put at the disposal of everybody upon the same terms. Not only that, but credit must be made available with equal readiness to everybody. This must be seen to by the bankers and the men who have the credit of this country in their control. This they must do, not alone for the good of all but for their own advantage, because until it is done the banking interests cannot expect to enjoy the confidence of the country and to have the problems peculiar to their business settled in an unprejudiced temper.

Further, and as the fourth of our general purposes, we must see to it that the business of the United States is set absolutely free of every form of monopoly. There was a time—and it will come again—when this country was able to take care of itself. The United States will be abundantly able to take care of itself when its energies are fully realized, and no man is afraid of any other man; when one person has the same right and the same opportunity to conduct an independent business that every other individual has; when every man knows that the business community is open for him to enter and that he will be welcome. Then there will come a season of prosperity in this country never known or dreamed of—but not until then. I reiterate: you cannot have prosperity personally conducted.

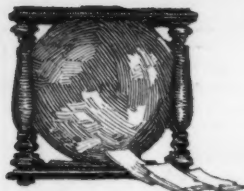
Some people have the idea that I love a fight for the fun of it. A friend of mine told me that I reminded him of a Highlander's dog. The dog was looking very dejected one day, and his owner was asked what was the matter with him. He said: "He can nae jus' get eneuch o' fechten'." He was not able to find any dog that would give him satisfaction.

But, really, that is not in the least my temperament. I am by nature very tame, an amenable person, but I do love to feel in my blood the splendid thrill of fighting for something, something that is bigger than myself, and trying, for the time at least, to think I'm as big as the thing I am fighting for. There is in that solid satisfaction.

I believe that a majority of the American people are to-day saying something like this: "We have set forward on the journey that is ahead of us. We have found the old road, and we are going to follow it; and anybody is welcome to come along with us that wants to." Certainly that is my own attitude. If my advice is heeded, we are not going to recall whether a person tried to find other roads or not, provided he comes along. But we are not going to take his word for it; we are going to look around and see if he is keeping step. Because he must get there when we get there, and he must get there by the same road we get there, or else he is not of our company. It will not be military discipline, but the roll will have to be called occasionally, that we may see who is present or accounted for.

There are some gentlemen who, I fear, think that I have entertained bitter feelings toward them. They are particularly those whom I would love to see and grasp hands with at the end of the journey.

This article was compiled from Mr. Wilson's former speeches, as was the case with everything printed from him since his election, but its publication is authorized by him and it expresses his views to-day.—THE EDITORS



THE NEW DISPENSATION

By HENRY WATTERSON



CHANGES of party in the National Administration have been so infrequent in the United States as to make the transition from one party to the other—two contesting parties only having divided the popular suffrage—a species of political cataclysm.

Between 1800 and 1860 the Opposition—that is, the Whigs—succeeded but twice in electing their President—in 1840 and 1848. Between 1860 and 1912 the Opposition—that is, the Democrats—succeeded but twice, in 1884 and 1892. They did actually carry the country in 1876, but were counted out of possession through a deadlock of the two Houses of Congress and a resultant Electoral Commission which placed in the White House a candidate very badly beaten at the polls.

In 1912, for the third time within fifty-two years, the Democrats elected a President. Between 1897, when they went out of office, and 1913, when they come in again, sixteen years have intervened; pregnant years, witnessing momentous events—the passing of the old order and the coming of the new, the nation a world power, the people clambering aboard the swift-moving vehicle we call the State, with a strange and almost untried chauffeur at the wheel. Whither shall they compel the driver to go, whither themselves to be driven, in what appears a peremptory demand for innovation, if not for revolution?

A Strong Man Wanted

MUCH—most perhaps—depends upon this man at the wheel. To forecast the future we must forecast him. To forecast him we must consider his origin, his antecedents, his mental peculiarities, and personal attitudes as he discloses them to us. Like a being of Destiny, he has sprung up in a night. But yesterday he was a schoolmaster. To-day he is Chief Magistrate. The rise of no one of the favorites of fortune, or the heroes of history or fiction, has been nearly so sudden. Masaniello ruled but for a day and was gone. The power of De Retz scarce survived the mob that created it. Perusing the program as we wait for the curtain to rise and the play to begin, let us study the character of the Unknown and try to judge from the little we know what the much that is to come may mean.

Obviously, the people want a strong man in the White House. Much of Theodore Roosevelt's popularity had this basis and was laid in the belief that he could be relied on to do first and to count the cost afterward. In Woodrow Wilson, according to his panegyrists, they have a more than Roosevelt—a man of the Roman type, knowing nothing but his duty to the State and his love for the people; a man having the courage to put his foot upon personal friendship and to crush private feeling beneath his heel as an eggshell; one as learned as Bacon; as astute as Talleyrand; the incarnation of self-confident will power and far-reaching ability.

Rude, though in many ways forceful, Grover Cleveland had some relenting. Woodrow Wilson, we are given to understand, has none. His admirers point to the turning down of Smith as proof of his superiority to the sense of personal obligation when it became needful to show his detestation of "Bossism" and his purpose to make a boss find and know his place. They point to his turning down of Harvey to show that when an example was required to prove his detestation of Wall Street and his freedom from its baleful influence, years of devotion on the part of Harvey stood not in the way.

Once we had a Governor in Kentucky who declared himself ready to sign the death warrant of his own son, convicted of murder. He was greatly applauded at the time. Yet did he offer greater sacrifice to the cause of probity and virtue, or give surer warrant of his fidelity to public trust?

Knowing these things, the Democratic party nominated Woodrow Wilson and the people elected him, and although in the vulgar scramble for office many of them will presently begin roundly to abuse him, the greater number shall have no reason to be surprised when he stands Doric, a wrought-iron image of their fancies, the very effigy of Duty and Truth set up by themselves, demanding to be respected and obeyed, nor caring to be loved.

Thought and Action

THE idealists among the unthinking—I confess myself to be of these—would apply to public affairs the sentimentalities which are supposed to give grace and zest to private life. They do not see that as Art takes no account of morals, Law is blind to feeling. The more discriminating and practical heed not the painter, but the painting; not the author, but his work. They see before Turner his picture; before Byron his poem. It is results

affecting the mass and body of men, not individual detail, that distinguish the government of a country from its social and domestic fabric. The idolatrous see in their Hero some reflection of themselves. If they could speak from the grave, the Cæsars of Paganism, the Cromwells of Christendom, could tell them differently and assure them that the stoic, not the pliant, is most puissant at the head of the State.

Thus, according to the picture of those who surround the new chieftain, we have at last at the helm a man uniting the blood-and-iron imperialism of Bismarck to the red-shirt democracy of Garibaldi. At least we have a man of very striking and exceptional character; nor yet unknowing some varying aspects of life and vicissitudes of fortune. At the outset of his career, this Man of Destiny was too much a man of thought to be very efficacious as a man of action, but he was man enough to arrive betimes at the head of a great American university. He was man enough so to impress himself upon the people of the vicinage that when the politicians for their selfish ends put him up for Governor he was easily elected, and, being Governor, he was still man enough to send those who thought to make him their cat's-paw about their business.

Save as a stepping-stone, the Governorship of New Jersey was rather a descent than an elevation from the presidency of Princeton. There was another Presidency in view and at stake. It was this which lured the ambitious thinker and scholar out from the seclusion of college shades.

Intellectually a giant, if we are to accept the verdict of his admirers, we know that nevertheless he has been a pedagogue. Here there is room for some divergence of opinion. It becomes a question whether the habits of a lifetime, the tyrannies of the schoolroom, and the dogmatisms of the platform, confirming him as a man apart, who makes not common cause with any, nor works to harness, are in a party leader foremost among the virtues. Thus the politicians who since his election have gone to Trenton and Princeton complain that he has not taken them into his confidence. He listens, they tell us, he absorbs, he coldly, but sometimes not inappreciatively, beams. He was but feeling his way to Washington; when he gets there, they will better know him, and also what is and what is not virtue in public life.

Progressives All

IN HIS utterances since the election the President-elect has disclosed in a very marked manner the academician if not the schoolmaster. He has given to each several occasion the air and tone rather of the platform lecture than the party program. This is not to say that he has betrayed a want of wisdom, or any lack of the sense of things practical and real. His political philosophy is wholly up to date, while he has shown as Governor of New Jersey that in the hurly-burly of personal and factional strife he is altogether a force to be reckoned with.

But Trenton is not Washington. Mr. Cleveland in his first Administration made the mistake of judging the Congress of the United States by the Legislature of the State of New York. He paid the price for his error and in time got bravely over it. Mr. Wilson, albeit new to the national capital, may know better. Even if he does not, he may find a less defying, more complying body of political associates in the two Houses at the other end of the avenue than Mr. Cleveland found, and, in any event, Mr. Wilson is so much stronger in mental caliber and training, both in intellectual attainment and reach, than Mr. Cleveland that he may be able to get his will and way where Cleveland failed—the law of compulsion, not of suasion, nevertheless the rule with both of them.

The absence of enthusiasm from the campaign, the surprising falling off in the Democratic vote, the cool reception given to some really fine outgivings of the President-elect, indicate that Mr. Wilson is not, and probably never will be, a very popular man. His infirmities are temperamental. All intellect himself, he fails to arouse sentiment in others. But that which is unattractive in the man may not prove a delinquency in the leader. After the period of disfavor and detraction inevitable to the dispensation of the patronage, the new President may emerge master of the situation, having secured the public confidence, with a clear road of reform ahead.

Assuredly he has the right pig by the ear.

Progressivism may be an indefinite term. It may convey differing meanings to different minds. It seems the merest fad, not rising to the dignity of an independent and permanent organism. But of the popular revolt against

dark-closet methods in public life, by which graft and grafters get in their work, there cannot be two opinions. On every hand we hear the swelling voice of a universal demand for publicity, see on every hand the rising tide of a decisive reaction from years of close alliance, more or less corrupt, between politics and business.

The exposures of the last winter have hit vitally, and they have hit home. Putting the Wilson vote and the Roosevelt vote together as a joint protest against prevailing conditions and a kindred demand for a change not only of parties, but of systems, two-thirds of the electorate want what they think a thoroughgoing man at the helm, and are ready to follow him toward the extirpation, root and branch, of the syndication of Government which long ago became at once the source and resource, the buttress and the bell tower of old-line Republicanism.

"All of us are Republicans," said Jefferson in the glow of a great triumph, "all of us are Federalists." Truly, in that sense and spirit, all of us are Progressives. Yet, though given the death stroke in 1800, Federalism struggled on ineffectually through the next three Presidential elections, finally yielding up the ghost to an "era of good feeling" that did not amount to much nor last very long.

The Whigs followed in the footsteps of the Federals. The Republicans, after more than fifty years of scarce interrupted dominion, seem to have struck the same trail. It is, in point of fact, the sure highway to the historic boneyard awaiting that curious intermingling of sentimentality with opportunism, which always ends in partyism run mad and corruption rampant. Its momentum arrested, its morale debauched, its discipline broken, its policies obsolete, where shall it seek a shibboleth to recall, a shelter to cover, a point of vantage to marshal its scattered forces?

The reflection of its glory will not suffice to atone for its crimes. In Theodore Roosevelt it has at once an accuser and an executioner from whom there would seem to be no escape. It was in truth "a boss in its day." But its day is over, its sin has found it out, and the writing on the wall reads: "Never again!"

We have heard a deal of late years about "paramount issues." The term has been much abused. The overthrow of corrupt bossism, involving everywhere a liaison between politics and business, is but an incident of the task set for Woodrow Wilson. All honest men may support him in that. But back of this, and overtopping it, his "paramount issue" will be the preservation of our representative form of government from the assaults of crude opportunism and maudlin sentiment seeking the impossible—that is, the regeneration of man by popular clamor and legislative enactment—and in lieu thereof the rehabilitation of the Democratic principle of concurrent liberty and order very nearly shipwrecked by the Republicans and seriously menaced by the Insurrectos and the Socialists.

The Rule of Numbers

THE armies of discontent, under the immediate leadership of Roosevelt, not forgetting Debs—the latter, it may be, destined to become more dangerous than the former—wander hither and thither aimlessly. Mr. Bryan, half a Populist, has rather confused than clarified democracy. In truth, the people have not fared any too well at the hands of the trio of idols—Cleveland, Bryan, and Roosevelt—they have set on pedestals and worshipped the last five-and-twenty years. Who shall grudge his approval, withhold his support from Woodrow Wilson if, steering the ship of state between the Scylla of Taftism and the Charybdis of Rooseveltism, he shall weather the reefs of Debsism, and bring her safely into port, under the walls and guns of the Constitution, the framework designed by the fathers of the Republic intact, the flag of freedom and law flying at her mast-head?

There needs to be a new birth of political apprehension. That the country—the world indeed—is passing from the rule of force—force of prowess, force of arms, force of custom and convention—to the rule of numbers seems to be the trend of the time. Shall the coming majorities in the United States be educated in a knowledge of the heritage they received from their forefathers, and a sense of its transcendent value, or shall the fortress of their representative government be swept away by a flood of experimental innovation—by Socialism and Populism, taking no account of restraints or precedents in their eager pursuit of phantoms—leaving naught to mark the spot where institutional and individual liberty stood but a mass of debris readier to the use of despots than the hand of freemen? It may be that Woodrow Wilson,

(Continued on page 23)



MARCH FOURTH IN MUSSELWHITE

By GEORGE ADE

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

HE MAY revise all the schedules, from arnica to zithers, unscramble the omelette soufflés of Wall Street, and compel the Money Trust to blubber like a child, but Woodrow Wilson will have no standing in Musselwhite, Ind., until we know about Mrs. Bagley.

Only one man in Musselwhite has seen the Panama Canal, and we wish that he had not taken the trip. The Court of St. James might as well be up a side street on the planet Mars. But the post office is right here at the corner of Main and Ivy, and the first duty of the new Executive, from where we are camping on this date, is to oust Mrs. Bagley.

We want some visible proof that democracy has come back. The honeyed phrase was all right last summer, but this spring we want the vouchers.

Is Mr. Woodrow Wilson going to muzzle the oxen that tread the grain? If so, he will run out of muzzles.

We have come to March 4. In fancy we have pictured the day as a columbed arch of triumph, dividing the barren highway from a field of red clover.

Our editor at the county seat told us that on March 4 we would troop into the Elysian pasture, sounding the hewgag and the timbrel.

It is now certain that when the early mail arrives by the Lake Erie and Western on the morning of March 5, Mrs. Bagley will still be peering out of the little window at the post office. What is more distressing, we don't know when there will be a Democratic face at the window.

The besiegers, having abandoned all other employment for the present, will be standing outside, waiting to hear from Washington.

THEY will read in the mail edition of the city daily that Indiana was signally honored at the inauguration. The Culver Cadets rode their black horses in the parade. Kirby Risk of Lafayette was a grand marshal. Our own Vice President has moved into a suite at the Shoreham, sitting first in one room and then in another while overcoming his dizziness.

What cheer can be wrung from such bulletins with Mrs. Bagley still entrenched at the corner of Main and Ivy?

When the editor at the county seat said that "we" hoped to realize on our exertions this 4th day of March, he spoke advisedly in using the plural. No less than eleven foremost Democrats of Scott Township are competing for Mrs. Bagley's rocking chair. Each of them has forwarded to Congressman Mooney a petition signed by all of the local Democrats, except those who have been circulating petitions on their own behalf. The refusal to sign a petition is commonly regarded in these parts as an act of perfidy. Several of the indorsements have been strung out by Bull Moosers purely in the interest of sport.

The prolonged silence of Congressman Mooney and the failure of Senator John Kern to send any real assurance to the waiting eleven have served to cloud up a situation which was already overcast.

HERE are the facts in the case. Every true Democrat reading them will join with our eleven in the hope that Mr. Wilson may be courageous and fair-minded in facing the crisis. If he backs up on the proposition, he might as well know, first as last, that his Administration will be a failure in Musselwhite.

A little over four years ago Postmaster Philo Bagley,

a veteran of the real war and a firm believer in the criminality of all Democrats, was buried with military honors by the G. A. R. While Mr. Otto Finkel, the popular undertaker, was lining a coffin for Comrade Bagley, the Republican editor of the Musselwhite "Beacon," Mr. Colfax Trimble by name, was telegraphing his application for the job which has come to be regarded as a necessary adjunct to successful journalism.

For years Mr. Trimble had been rubbing salt into the Democratic wounds. His name was anathema to all of the ancient faith. Certain Republicans who had failed to secure much-needed nominations disliked the editor intensely. If he secured the post office, he might remain within it for years, wallowing in the hundred dollars a month.

MR. TAFT had just been elected by figures that looked almost unanimous. No Democratic horoscoper in all of Musselwhite could see through the opaque veil and forecast the jubilee of 1912. It looked as if Trimble might be booking himself for a life job. Who could blame Uncle Homer Sleeth, G. W. Cluf, Eldad Gruber, and other staunch Bryanites for joining with the sore and sentimental Republicans in the nonpartisan effort to secure the office for Mrs. Bagley, widow of the gallant soldier?

Please follow the ins and outs of these factional conflicts. The Musselwhite case is probably more complicated, in a way, than the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

The Bagley phalanx of four years ago carried the banner of chivalry, but the real purpose of all the letter writing and petition signing was to head off the editor.

It was Colfax Trimble versus the lone woman in black. With the Colonel prying into details, according to his usual practice, the widow had a walk-away.

In urging the appointment of Mrs. Bagley, many of our most useful Democrats made what is now regarded as a tactical blunder. They signed a statement, drawn up by the Hon. Jesse Whitfield while he was at perihelion. They certified that Mrs. Bagley was well quali-

by reason of the fact that she never had led a voter up to an Australian booth.

When the nonpartisan and bipartisan rally in support of Mrs. Bagley routed the machine influences, and her name was sent to the Senate, the enemies of Trimble made public rejoicing.

Four upheaving years have passed, and now the tried and true Democrats who indorsed Mrs. Bagley find themselves (quoting Mr. Trimble's editorial in the "Beacon") "hoist by their own petard."

Mr. Taft was repudiated at the polls. The repudiation extended to all persons employed by the Government in November, 1912. This is our reading of the popular verdict. The Democratic organ at the county seat told Mr. Taft, just two weeks after election, that "he must bow to the will of the people." Instead of bowing, he appointed Mrs. Philo Bagley to be her own successor, and asked the Senate to confirm the appointment at once. In fact, he sent in a whole batch of Hoosier appointments, his malign purpose being, as nearly as we can divine it, to handicap and embarrass the incoming Administration by keeping Republicans on the pay roll.

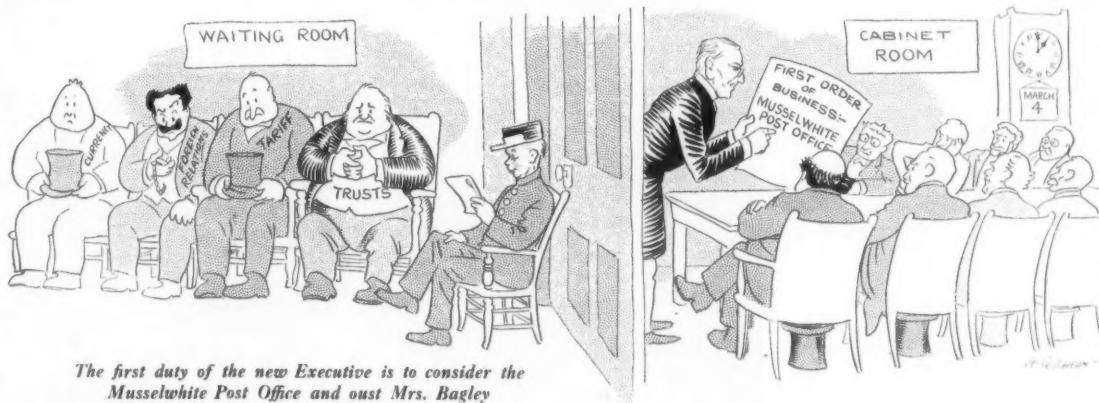
The kindly feeling for Mr. Taft, which all Democrats had expressed during the campaign, was suddenly dispelled. The Democrats became almost as bitter as some of the Progressives. Even a rudimentary sense of the proprieties should have warned Mr. Taft that while he was packing up and getting ready to move out, his one duty to the sovereign people was to keep on packing up.

PANIC fell upon the Hendricks Club when the news came that Mrs. Bagley's name had gone to the Senate. For the first time in a week a full unity of sentiment developed among the eleven would-be's. They stopped circulating their petitions long enough to send night letters to our two Senators, entreating them to stand firm for the principles first enunciated by Thomas Jefferson and afterward simplified by Andrew Jackson.

At the same time Colfax Trimble, Jackson Spoldridge, Morton Wilgus, and other Standpat Republicans came out of their graves, shook off their funeral vestments, and began to organize a nonpartisan campaign in favor of Mrs. Bagley's confirmation.

Four years ago they tried to relegate her to the kitchen. Now they have learned that, according to every precedent of civil-service reform, she is the only person in Musselwhite clearly entitled to the fruits of Democratic victory. They have had the wretched taste to dig up and publish the rhetorical rhapsodies sung in her honor four years ago by Orville Snyder, Alfred Bosh, G. W. Cluf, Eldad Gruber, Hiram Sodderfield, B. Sanford Winger, Wiley Holder, Vernon Tibbetts, George Murth, Uncle Homer Sleeth, and the Hon. Jesse Whitfield, these being the eleven who now stand expectant.

IN THEIR frantic efforts to save Musselwhite from the shame of tolerating a Democratic postmaster under a Democratic Administration, they have made peace overtures to the Bull Moosers. Only a few weeks ago both Wilbur Hammett and Enoch Bradden were being denounced as the composite reincarnations of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. It is now evident that a truly nonpartisan demand for the retention of Mrs. Bagley must include the names of at least a few renegades and outsiders. The ex-hosses of the ex-machine seem to think that our Democratic Senators might



The first duty of the new Executive is to consider the Musselwhite Post Office and oust Mrs. Bagley

fied by temperament and training to sort out picture post cards and mail-order catalogues. She was keenly intelligent, a model of industry, and the soul of integrity. Moreover, she was a widow. Fortissimo pedal on the widowhood. She was the relict of one who had spilled his blood on the encrimsoned battle fields in defense of the flag. All this, and more, was written out by the Hon. Jesse Whitfield, whom the late postmaster had denounced for forty years as a copperhead, butternut, and Knight of the Golden Circle.

Colfax Trimble and his associate checker players, known as the "courthouse ring," wrote to Washington that Mrs. Bagley, while fitted to adorn the home circle, had no business capacity, and was further disqualified



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The Romance of the House of Madero

IT IS the photographer that writes history these days; the journalist only labels the characters. A click of the camera's shutter and you see in tableau the principals in the romance of the rise and fall of the house of Madero. A week after COLLIER's staff photographer had snapped this jubilant group and had filed it in his big album as "Insurrecto Headquarters, Azcona Speaking," the house of Madero began its military victories with the capture of Juarez. From there, with General Orozco in command, the Madero forces marched victorious from the Rio Grande to Mexico's Capitol; and before the end of May, 1911, had compelled the aged dictator, Porfirio Diaz, to resign.

"Azcona speaking"—Juan Sanchez Azcona, private secretary to Francisco Madero. A few days ago he was released from prison. That he was not assassinated was taken as evidence of the possibility that a new dictator, who is nominally "provisional President," has a grain of pity left for at least one Maderist.

And now, reading from left to right:

The man with the spectacles, Gustavo Madero. He was the first of the house to be slaughtered. The official report said he "tried to escape." What happened was: he was taken from the Palace in Mexico City to the Arsenal and pushed into the courtyard to become the target for the rifles of a score of sharpshooters. More than anyone else, he had made the rule of his brother Francisco odious. The common people hooted at Gustavo as "Ojo Parado" or "Fixed Eye." He was accused of bold grafting; and finally came to be described as "the most hated man in Mexico."

The man with the cane, José Pino Suarez, who through the President's staunch support became Vice President at thirty-three. He was a man of much the same tastes as his chief—had been a school-teacher, and had "dabbled in poetry." Perhaps his best epitaph would be that he shared Madero's martyrdom.

At his left, Abram Gonzales, deposed Governor of Chihuahua, under arrest at this writing, and believed to have few chances to escape being murdered. Experts on Mexican affairs say that he

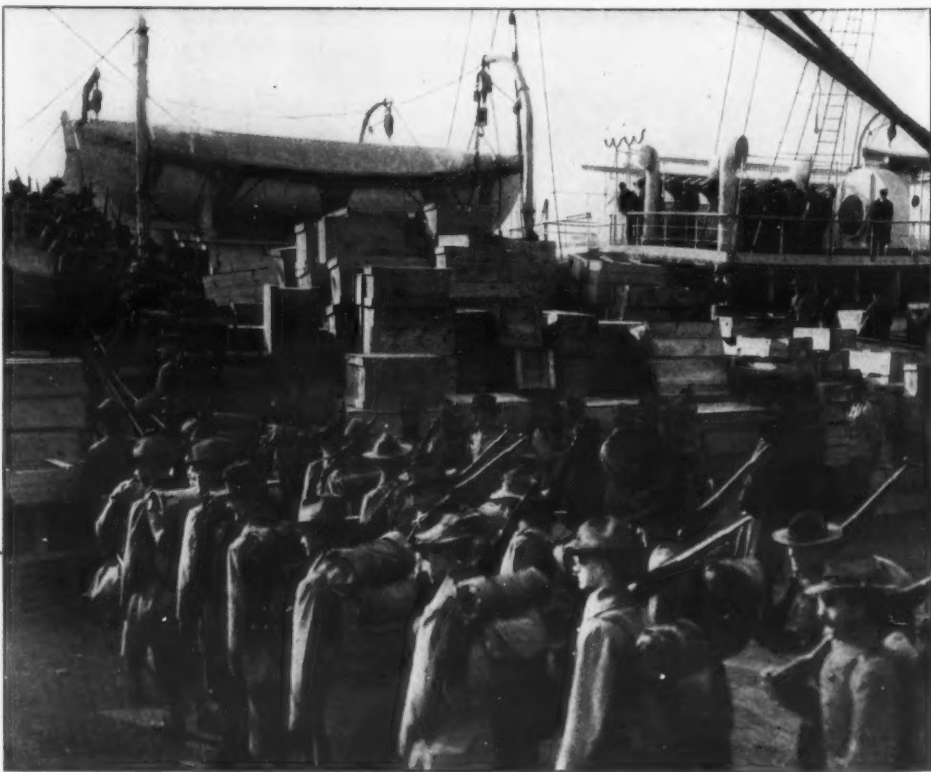
probably will be killed "while attempting to flee"—the barbarous pretext under which the two Maderos and Suarez were shot.

Francisco Madero himself is next—the dreamer who showed mercy to his enemies and received assassination in return.

Mexico City, voting with gunpowder ballots, recalled him to put a military despot in power again; and, following the announcement of "a rule of iron," the automobile in which Madero and Suarez were being taken

from the National Palace to the penitentiary was "attacked" shortly before midnight, February 22, and in the "encounter" both prisoners were slain.

The smiling young woman with the black hat is Madero's sister, Mercedes. The other day, when she was barred from seeing the body of her brother, she screamed at the officers guarding the penitentiary that they were cowards and murderers who had plotted to shoot down a helpless man. Sharp in contrast with the mood of all the rest of the group is the glum face of Orozco, second from the right.



Marines sailing for Cuba; and 11,000 troops at Galveston are ready if President Wilson orders intervention

The Tact of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

By FRANCES MCGREGOR GORDON

THOSE who know her best say that Mrs. Wilson, as mistress of the White House, brings to that high position the same qualities of simplicity, kindly courtesy, and tact that have marked some of her predecessors. Born in a Georgia manse, the daughter of a country minister of the Gospel, she was trained in that "plain living and high thinking" that characterize so many clergymen's homes.

Her maiden name was Ellen Louise Axson. She received her education in the South, where she developed a taste and enthusiasm for art that later brought her to the North to pursue her studies. Here she met Woodrow Wilson, who was taking a postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins, specializing in history and political economy. After their marriage he became a professor at Bryn Mawr, then at Princeton, and finally rose to be the president of Princeton University.

Mrs. Wilson has an extensive acquaintance with men and women of prominence. Yet it is from her close personal friends that one obtains the intimate glimpses of her delightful personality that foreshadow a White House régime in which the First Lady of the land cannot fail to win and hold the affections of the American people.

Among her friends many stories are told illustrating her quickness of perception and her fine tact in dealing with people. One of these relates to the first meeting of Governor Wilson and William Jennings Bryan.

At the great missionary conference held in Edinburgh, Scotland, in June, 1910, Mr. Bryan thrilled the immense audience with an address on the fundamentals of the Christian life, entitled "The Fruits of the Tree."

From all quarters of the globe men had gathered to this epoch-making convention. Among those who listened to Mr. Bryan was the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Erdman, professor of practical theology at Princeton Theological Seminary. Hearing this deeply religious address from



Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

the greatest American orator of the day, and being profoundly moved by it, Dr. Erdman sought an introduction to Mr. Bryan and invited him to speak to the students of Princeton Seminary, which is the oldest theological school of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Bryan

accepted, and, with his acceptance to deliver a purely religious address, this story really begins. As a notable orator, Mr. Bryan had already spoken in every important university town in America—save one. That one exception was Princeton. Princeton University influences had been all against him, not only against his policies but against the man. Now Mr. Bryan was to go to Princeton, not as the guest of the university but as the guest of the Theological Seminary.

Because of the comity existing between the university and the seminary, and since the latter had no auditorium large enough to accommodate the throng which would undoubtedly gather to listen to the distinguished orator, Alexander Hall of the university was placed at the disposal of the seminary authorities. Public announcement was made and the date of the address was fixed for March 12, 1911.

When Mrs. Wilson heard of the arrangements for Mr. Bryan to appear in Princeton, in a spirit of gracious hospitality, she felt that a dinner invitation from the Democratic Governor of New Jersey to the man who had been thrice the Democratic standard bearer of the nation would be proper. But Governor Wilson was in Georgia. She at once communicated with her husband by telegraph, and an invitation was sent Mr. Bryan to dine with the Wilson family. Governor Wilson at once started home to meet his distinguished guest. It was a purely social affair—the simple exchange of hospitality. There was no discussion of politics. But the great newspapers of the country were alive to the possible significance in the meeting between the seasoned Democratic warrior and the latest and most promising Democratic knight. After the dinner the reporters pressed Governor Wilson for a statement, and he said: "When I learned that Mr. Bryan was to be here I welcomed the opportunity to meet him. It is the first time that such an opportunity has afforded itself, and I was glad to avail myself of it."

Before Mr. Bryan left that night some of his old New Jersey friends had secured from him a promise to return to the State and address a Jefferson Day banquet at Burlington on April 5, 1911. On this occasion Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan appeared on the same public platform together for the first time.



Mrs. Wilson and her daughters: Miss Margaret (at the left); Miss Eleanor (standing), and Miss Jessie

Promises and Pork

THE Democratic national platform, adopted in the high hopefulness of that convention at Baltimore, contained this plank:

REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE: We denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic Government. . . .

This was one of many promises of economy made by the Democrats. In their successful campaign to control Congress in 1910, next to the tariff, economy was their most useful battle cry. As their first act after they assumed control of Congress they made much of a saving of \$280,000 through the abolition of some useless offices. At that time COLLIER spoke of the new Democratic régime in these words:

The renunciation was not easy. . . . There is, therefore, all the more reason for thoughtful persons who understand and appreciate economy in government to give sympathy and practical support to the party that has accomplished it. . . . These voluntary sacrifices of power and patronage are creditable in the highest degree.

Indefensible Extravagance

BUT the Democrats were new to power then and not sure of their tenure. With increasing confidence in their grip they have forgotten their promises, and the *orgy of extravagance, in which the present Democratic Congress has exceeded any Republican Congress*, cannot better be described than in the words of one Democratic Congressman. Mr. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, himself a hard-working advocate of economy, rebuked his fellow Democrats in these words:

Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this bill. The less said about it the better for the bill or those who support it. It cannot be defended from any standpoint of public necessity. . . .

The sham economists who have been talking economy and advocating public-building bills, which fasten obligations upon the Treasury, should either quit talking economy or should attempt to stop the authorizations which make inevitable the expenditure unnecessarily of large sums of public money.

I denounce as indefensible this method of passing a public-building bill. It ties together everybody with an item in it, and makes impossible that scrutiny and close attention to the various items required in a bill coming from a committee appropriating public money.

As a matter of fact, it was pointed out there were 289 different projects for 289 different districts. That is to say, 289 members had pooled their interests, so to speak, with something in the barrel for each of them. That made 289 votes available, if necessary—it rendered success certain.

Congressman Fitzgerald then turned to a furtive quality with which the project was surrounded:

The report of the committee does not contain any information as to the population of the various places at which buildings are to be erected, the postal receipts of the various communities. . . .

All such information should be contained not only in the report but placed in the Record so that the country might be informed of the man-

By MARK SULLIVAN



ner in which it is proposed to expend \$25,000,000 for public buildings.

Then Mr. Fitzgerald began to point out some details:

In the brief time available I have noted some of the items in this bill to which I wish to call the attention of the House. One for the erection of a building at Jasper, Ala., with a population of 2,500 people, to cost \$100,000. At Arkadelphia, Ark., a population of 2,745, the appropriation is to be \$55,000. At Jellico, Tenn., the building is to cost \$70,000. The post-office receipts at Jellico last year were \$8,424.49.

A \$70,000 building to do a gross business of \$8,424.49.

At Maryville, Tenn., with a population of 2,381, the limit of cost is \$60,000. The post-office receipts last year were \$8,183.50.

At Buffalo, Wyo., a town of 1,368 people, the limit of cost is \$62,500.

For a post office at Willow, Cal., with a population of 1,100, the limit of cost is \$75,000 for the building. At Glenwood Springs, Colo., 2,000 population, there is to be appropriated \$100,000 for a building.

Bellefourche, S. Dak., a town of 1,300 population, the cost is \$75,000.

For a post office at Norton, Va., with a population of 1,800, \$75,000. At Burlington, Wis., with a population of 3,200, \$70,000.

Congressman Fitzgerald concluded with this warning:

I desire to say to this side of the House that you are placing burdens upon the Treasury for five or six years beyond the present time which will plague you in the future. These items cannot be defended. This side of the House will have to meet the record, and the charges that will be made after this bill passes.

"The Worst in History"

ANOTHER Democrat, Congressman A. Thomas Hardwick of Georgia, was equally candid in censure of his party:

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, it is no easy matter to oppose a bill of this kind, when one's colleagues, who are his warm personal friends, are deeply interested in the measure. . . .

I believe honestly and candidly that this is the worst bill of its kind that was ever reported to an American House of Representatives. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I say that without intending to give offense, and yet with the utmost frankness, there are things in this bill that no one can defend.

But I know this bill is destined to pass this

House. It is so constructed. . . . [Laughter.] There are enough members on both sides and on all sides and in the middle and in the rear of this chamber who are well provided for in this bill to carry it. I impute no unworthy motives to them, but they are bound to see that this bill passes.

But, gentlemen, I submit to you that each one of you in your heart of hearts knows that this bill is not right; that instead of being in the interest of the public service and of the people of the United States, it is in the interest of the political fortunes of individual members of Congress on both sides of this big aisle.

Where the Blame Lies

IT IS all very well to sneer at Congress and the individual members of it, but a good share of the fault goes back to the people. This fact was well expressed in a letter (which will be quoted presently) sent by one Congressman back to some of his insistent constituents. Of course, if every member had the courage necessary to defy his constituents and refuse their requests for pork, then the question would settle itself. But it is not as fair to require this high quality of courage from a member as it is to require his constituents to refrain from making these demands on him. All this is well expressed in the letter. The Congressman who wrote it is John J. Whitacre. He lives at McKinley's home town, Canton, and represents the counties of Columbiana, Mahoning, Stark. In addition to courage, he has modesty, for his autobiography in the Congressional Directory consists of these two lines:

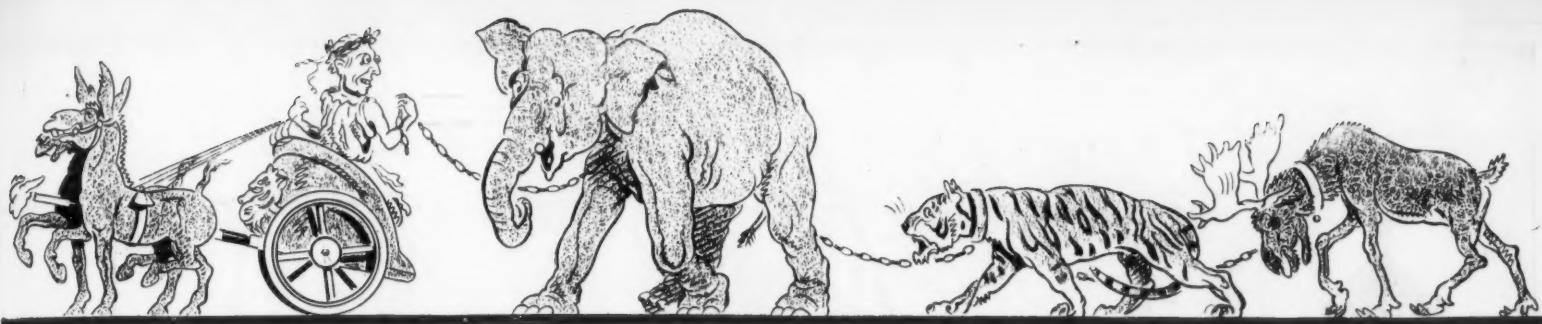
John J. Whitacre, Democrat of Canton, was born December 28, 1860. Is married, was elected to the Sixty-second Congress November 8, 1910.

Some of Mr. Whitacre's constituents represented by K. L. Coburn, president of the Salem Chamber of Commerce, sent him frantic telegrams that he secure a \$90,000 appropriation for a new public building at Salem. Congressman Whitacre replied that he had been elected on a campaign of economy, that he had charged his Republican opponent and the Republican party generally with extravagance, that he had made a campaign issue of the fact that his Republican predecessor had secured out of the Federal treasury some \$500,000 for Federal buildings. He concluded his letter with these words:

You ask me to join this raid on the Treasury and to prove to you and your Republican associates that I was a liar, a hypocrite, and a demagogue when I charged Mr. Kennedy with extravagance. You profess to be business men. Not one of you would do in your business what you demand that I do for the public business.

If the halls of Congress are filled with demagogues and hypocrites (if there are such), it is only because the woods back home are full of demagogues and hypocrites. This is plain talk, but it is the truth and you can make the most of it.

Evidently Congressman Whitacre is one of those who regard a platform as something to stand on after you get in, not merely, as in the street car, something to get in on. Our own guess is that other things being equal, Congressman Whitacre will earn more good Ohio votes by his rugged frankness than his fellow members will by their pulling and hauling and intriguing for patronage and pork.



Some Timid Suggestions for the Preservation of the Inaugural Ceremonies

By GEORGE FITCH

Illustrated by B. Baker

AT THIS triumphant moment when another President has just been installed in Washington and large numbers of citizens of our national capital have assured their incomes for the next four years by the renting of window space, it is time to sound a clarion note of warning.

It is entirely impossible to run this Government without a great number of clarion notes of warning, and, moreover, it is necessary to get these notes in circulation as early as possible. Unless we begin now to agitate, view with alarm, and deplore, the national features which have made the inauguration of a new President picturesque and profitable will soon disappear forever.

The destructive work has already begun. We have inaugurated President Wilson without an inaugural ball. It was a perilous experiment, but it proved successful. The Constitution, upon examination afterward, was found to be intact, and the Government still lives. Moreover, practical persons have discovered that a month's work in the Pension Building has been saved by chasing the dancers out of it—that \$500 worth of Marine Band music has been preserved, that \$50,000 worth of needless expense has been avoided, and that several thousand people have had their artistic taste safeguarded by being kept out of the Pension Building. We are a practical nation, and with these facts before us the knell of the inaugural ball has been sounded.

Let us accept this with resignation. On the whole, it is hardly worth while to waste a tear over a ball where it takes two hours of steady line bucking to get to the punch bowl, and where dancing is done almost exclusively upon the toes of total strangers. But the same danger which overtook the ball now awaits the inaugural parade. It was saved for this time, but just as surely as the American people do not begin preservative work upon the inaugural parade, it will go where the inaugural ball has gone.

THE parade is an essential part of the American temperament. We not only inaugurate by parade, but we rejoice, mourn, commemorate, protest, inspire, and argue by parades. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together with a uniform within reach, they parade. The tariff question was fought out by torchlight processions. The demands of labor are presented each September in a hundred cities with bands and banners. The endurance contest of the Grand Army, in its annual parade, reinforces history and arouses each year more sentiment. The test of true brotherhood in any city is the willingness to parade in a white apron, a rooster feather hat, or a pair of baggy pink silk trousers. We still estimate the worth of good men by the lengths of their funeral processions, and it is the universal desire to so live that when the irrevocable summons comes we may go to the tomb behind a company of militia, a gun carriage, and a hundred-piece band.

The parades of America for one year, organized into one superincomprehensibly magnificent demonstration, would not be halfway past the well-known given point before next year's parades would be ready to march. Men, women and children, elephants, steam rollers, and automobiles parade. Minstrels, calliopes, fat cattle, revival converts, and baseball leagues parade. Battleships

parade cataclysmically, single file, two by two, and four abreast. History parades on floats at centennial celebrations; Mythology parades at the Mardi Gras; Botany parades in Pasadena; Geography parades whenever fifty girls can be induced to perch upon a transfigured hayrack in emblematic clothes representing the States. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, a railroad came into town once and scared several hundred houses off of its prospective right of way. As they fled through the streets on wheels an enterprising house mover, with a number of contracts, got a dozen houses together and held a parade which lasted a week.

Speaking hastily and without much investigation, I might almost venture the statement that J. P. Morgan and the Statue of Liberty are the only two American individuals who have not at one time or another participated in a parade.

WITH this record, is it going to be possible to abandon the inaugural parade without removing a huge stone from beneath the constitutional fabric? At this minute, when women have just completed a 225-mile parade in the interests of woman suffrage, when aviators are learning to fly in line in perfect step, and when the processional art has been brought to such perfection that in a whole year hardly one member of a Governor's staff falls off his horse, are we to talk of inaugurating a President with nothing more inspiring than an office-seekers' riot on Pennsylvania Avenue? Several thousand times no!

The national capital, the method of electing presidents, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution itself have all undergone radical changes since Washington was inaugurated. But the parade began with that inauguration, and nothing, not even Washington weather, has been able to kill it. Washington's inaugural parade started at Mount Vernon and journeyed clear to New York, surrounded at all times, historians tell us, by huzzas. John Adams's parade began at Boston and reached New York so successfully that New England citizens, now afflicted with modern railroad methods, think of it with wild envy. Thomas Jefferson is accused of having attempted to murder the inaugural parade, but he did nothing of the kind. He simply condensed it for practical reasons, the mud in the new-laid-out Washington being as yet uncharted and unsounded. With a kind regard for the army and navy and prominent citizens, he picked out a horse with long legs and paraded by himself.

SO FAR these remarks have been standpattish to a regrettable degree. I have protested against the abolition of the inaugural parade simply because of its age and standing. Precedent demands it. This is an impregnable argument, used with great effect in many more important questions. It is true that the inaugural parade isn't worth two unimpassioned whoops to the country; that it does not increase the efficacy of the Administration or promote the enforcement of law; that it teaches no lesson except the extreme foolishness of going without rubbers in Washington in the spring;

that it supports large numbers of property holders on Pennsylvania Avenue in idleness, and enables them, by renting windows at \$20 apiece, to maintain the ramshackle buildings which have made this twenty-nine per cent grand thoroughfare look like a society leader in a diamond necklace and a gunnysack.

All these things are true. But it is also true that we have always had an inaugural parade just as we have always had embalmed Vice Presidents. Both of these uselessnesses are backed by precedent, and if I were a true standpatter, equipped only with a brake and time lock, I would close this argument right here. But being progressive to a degree which makes a comet look reactionary, I argue for the conservation of the inaugural parade, not because of what it has been but because of what can be made of it.

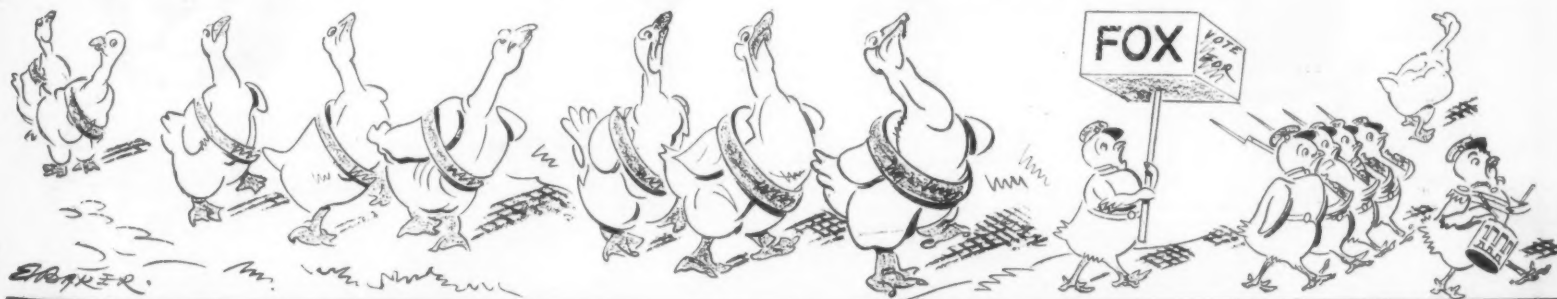
The inaugural parade should be saved because it can be vastly improved and can be made a pageant of intense national interest. Very little improvement has been made in the parade in the last half century; in fact, no parade has equaled Washington's 200-mile progress to New York. Most of the parade impresarios

have depended almost entirely upon the army, augmented by the Pennsylvania militia and scattering State troops. A mile of army, a mile of political marching clubs, and a mile of Governors and their staffs has been the average. This has been interesting, but not thrilling and instructive. To be sure, some novel features were worked into the Roosevelt inauguration parade. There were Indians, miners,

Greek, Italian, and Polish marching clubs, and cowboys who whooped with vigor and lassoed a citizen who got disorderly during the proceedings. The Porto Ricans, Admiral Dewey, and the staff of Governor Yates, which assayed more gold braid per man than any Governor's staff in history, relieved the 1901 parade. In 1899 the Indians from Carlisle put on an industrial exhibit, and in 1885 the efforts of the parade to break through the 100,000 Democratic office seekers created some interest. But on the whole there has been a deadly monotony.

NO WONDER the interest is dwindling. Reporters now write their parade stories the day before and sleep soundly through the event in some warm corner. The moving-picture theatres are beginning to cut into the attendance frightfully. Practically the only chance of excitement now left is the weather. Betting on whether the new President will survive the weather has always been heavy. The inaugural parade has generally been an endurance test for the new Executive, to say nothing of the marchers themselves. General Grant reviewed his old troops in an army overcoat and a beard decorated with icicles. Garfield's parade moved under a hundred thousand bleeding flags, the color having been washed out of them the night before, and the wind that day was imported direct, in bulk, from Hudson Bay. Rivulets of rain ran down Benjamin Harrison's nose as he reviewed his old regiment, and at intervals he emptied his large plug hat, which became water-logged several times, while he bared his head. The parade of 1893 is remembered with terror by the survivors. The wet, driving snow piled up on Cleveland's shoulders, and Harrison's nose once more got into the Associated Press reports, it being a steely blue by the time the parade was over. The Cook County Democrats, wet to the knees and surmounted by snow-covered silk hats, succumbed in windrows, and rescue brigades with hot coffee did noble work.

(Continued on page 26)





"I really hate to have Woodrow leave me, but he did keep me in such a nervous state of mind"



The White House two-step



Notes of the Day

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

IN A V G V R A L I A



By
WALLACE IRWIN

A Timely Miracle Play

Time, March 4, 1913. Place:—A strip of Heaven just over Pennsylvania Avenue. The ANGEL OF HISTORY is discovered sitting on a cloud, and in her lap a NEW ADMINISTRATION, poised as if for flight to earth. Lining the streets of Washington, below, are dense crowds of Patriots who wear the expression of those who hope they will see something before it rains

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Fidgeting in HISTORY's lap.*]

HO, Mother! Let me go!
Already down below
They come from Tampa and from Tammanee;
My four-year life impends.
Put me among my friends—
I think I hear my Woodrow calling me!
I yearn to do him honor something vicious—
Was e'er Administration more auspicious?

ANGEL OF HISTORY. [*Nervously.*]

That's what they *all* say, darling, at the start!
How many like you have I seen depart,
Hopefully fresh. But when they've lived years four
In Washington, back to my arms once more
They limp, exceeding sore.
Old have they waxed in lore,
Touching on cant and bluff.
Though tender buds before,
They've grown exceeding tough! [*Sighs.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Impatiently.*]

Desist, dear Ma, from doleful ululation!
I'm not that sort of an Administration;
For I am born in Heaven,
Purity ninety-seven,
Rocked in a near-Progressive crib by Bryan
(Though Murphy helped, I own, and so did Ryan),
Destined to strangle corporate crimes besotting,
Spificate graft and frown down turkey trotting.

I wear my hat
Somewhat like Ted—
And more than that,
I'm Princeton bred.

This motto, too, I mark on all my signs:
"Be Modern—Yet Adhere to Party Lines."

ANGEL OF HISTORY. [*Warily.*]

The Taft Administration, when 'twas young,
To even nobler sentiments gave tongue;
But now in Wisdom's seat
It sits with chilly feet—
Hell knows no fury like a country stung!
Yet Woodrow's spine is strong. Perhaps he'll keep
The Party Goats from butting out the Sheep,
Shame Satan's hosts who wag their cynic goat tails,
Or serve the Truth while Wall Street pulls his coat
tails,
Or lead an army whose besetting fault
Is crying, "Forward march!" though meaning "Halt!"

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Optimistically.*]

O Ma! why grouch?
You heaven-born scold!
In Fortune's pouch
Fame holds her gold—

[*Points to earth.*]

Look! The Annapolis cadets in blue
Line up on Pennsylvania Avenue.
Oh, let me loose! Will I be quiet? Nixie!
O joy! O bliss! The band is playing "Dixie!"
Can any evil portent come on this
Glad hour to mar my Woodrow's future bliss?

[*As if to mock his question, a long line of fat, lawless CHERUBS scamper by across the clouds. A respectable CORPORATION LAWYER leads them.*]

CORPORATION LAWYER. [*Beckoning to CHERUBS.*]

This way, my pretty ones!

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Unclad innocents, where go you?
Your names? I do not know you.

SONG

CHERUBS. [*Joining hands and dancing frankly around.*]

Despite administrative gusts
You see us fat and pursy,
A flock of little Unborn Trusts
Upon our way to Jersey
To take the place of Holding Co.'s
Which Woodrow's marked for
slaughter.
To make us grow, turn on the hose,
For we grow fat on water.

Hoot! Toot! Night and morn—
When a Trust is killed two more are
born

To collar the coal and hog the corn:
So we're off for the State of Jersey!

[*CORPORATION LAWYER whistles, and Unborn Trusts file after him toward Trenton.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Showing irritation for the first time.*]

Ma, turn me loose! By all the Pluto Cats,
I'll teach some manners to these saucy brats!

ANGEL OF HISTORY

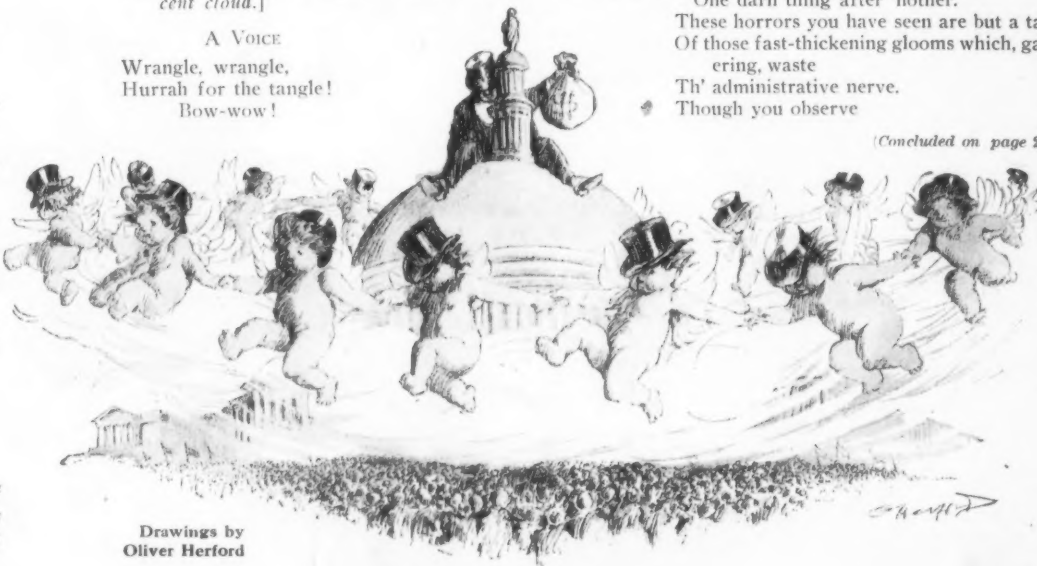
Babe, what's the haste? You'll have four busy years
To catch these godless monsters by the ears—

And like as not
They'll get you by the throat.
They are a scaly lot.
And goodness, how they bloat!

[*Furious roaring heard from behind an adjacent cloud.*]

A VOICE

Wrangle, wrangle,
Hurrah for the tangle!
Bow-wow!



Drawings by
Oliver Herford

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Hiding behind mother's wing.*]

What is this horrid prodigy I see?

Oh, shoo it off! It's coming after me!

[*A MONSTER in the form of a Sphinx bounces forth.*]

THE MONSTER

Hi diddle-diddle!

Think, if you can, sir!

I am a Riddle—

What is the answer?

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Gasping.*]

Dead white will turn each hair if

Again I look on you. Are you The Tariff?

MONSTER

By Schedules K and Z, I am the same.

We'll meet again. I'm glad you know my name.

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Visions of jag!

I fear you, nightmare hag!

MONSTER

A nightmare, yes! Four years I'll haunt your dreams,
With vexing puzzles messing all your schemes.

The Taft Administration, now a wreck,
Tackled my Riddle—hence a broken neck.

And you'll be next, my lad, to try your skill;

Some Oscar-Underwoodrow-Wilson bill

You'll waggle at my riddles, one by one.

Believe me, little friend—it can't be done!

[*The MONSTER snorts crude petroleum and drops down on the Capitol Building.*]

[*The Parade now begins forming on Pennsylvania Avenue. On the lawn of the White House a horde of Wolfish Shapes circle about, eyeing the door hungrily.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Utterly unnerved.*]

Much do I dread

Trouble ahead!

Alas and alack!

Who are this wolfish pack?

Whom do they seek with famished expectation?

ANGEL OF HISTORY

They're after you, my young Administration!

CHORUS OF OFFICE SEEKERS

We are sharp and eager speakers,

For we're hungry office seekers,

And we ain't been near the Barrel since the days
of Grover C.

Now again our Party's in it,

Say! We will not waste a minute

Ere we nab the pork once swaggled by the G. O. P.

Postmasters, toastmasters,

Collectors of the port,

Doorkeepers, storekeepers,

Bailiffs of the court,

Stamp stickers, tramp kickers,

Hear our plaintive sobs:

We can frown and we can smirk—

No, we do not ask for work:

But we're simply daffy crazy after jobs, jobs, jobs!

[*The grim circle of OFFICE SEEKERS draws closer about the White House.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Shuddering.*]

When I am in the White House, tell me, please,
Oh, must I, will I have to tackle these?

ANGEL OF HISTORY

Child of the gloomy phiz,

List to thy mother:

Life in the White House is

One darn thing after 'nother.

These horrors you have seen are but a taste

Of those fast-thickening glooms which, gath-

ering, waste

Th' administrative nerve.

Though you observe

(Concluded on page 20)



A SON of HAGAR

By JANE ANDERSON

Illustrated by N. C. WYETH

LÉON, who was the smoothest worker of the lot, had told the gang to get together for the nightly reckoning at the turn of the old Gila road. They were waiting for him around a camp fire, which was hidden in the trough between two dunes—because it is well to be careful at all times, even in the middle of the night, and on a roadbed that is nothing but a tangle of cactus and mesquite.

There were five of them, and they were anything but amiable; the pickings, all told, were under a hundred pesos—and, besides, holding a gun under a man's nose with one hand and turning his pockets inside out with the other is a nerve-racking business. If one gets away with a profitable job it makes one hilarious or reckless, according to one's temperament; but a bad night has but one effect on all—sullenness and an evil feeling toward the world in general.

Then, too, Léon was late. This had never happened before. There were amber streaks in the sky beyond the foothills, and out on the rim of the desert the moon was half hidden under the wet, gray clouds that come just before the dawn.

"We've been in this hole a couple of hours," said the hobo, who was picking up some money on his way to Los Angeles. "An' it's a God-forsaken dump—gimme somepin' to smoke."

One of the cholos took a handful of cigarettes, with a clump of Mexican matches, from his serape, and tossed them across the camp fire.

"Ain't you got no makin's?" asked the hobo, coughing over the raw, sirupy tobacco.

The cholo muttered something under his breath.

"What's that?" demanded the hobo. He lit another cigarette, drew in two deep puffs of smoke, then pitched the handful of them, with the matches, into the fire.

He was not looking for a fight, but he didn't know anything about Arizona ways. In the West, if you are a Mexican, you give a man cigarettes instead of buying him drinks. The cholo got up slowly, pulling his dirty serape closer around his shoulders, and looking down at the scattered cigarettes, which were beginning to burn at the ends. He kicked the matches into the middle of the blaze, where they sputtered and threw off a strong sulphur smell.

"It is time that you leave us," he said, going over to the hobo and standing above him.

"I'm good and ready to git out. Gimme mine an' I'll be goin'."

"When Léon comes there will be pesos for all. But you will be leaving us now."

The hobo stood up.

"You gimme mine or I'll wipe up the place with you—"

But the cholo cut off the sentence midway. He took the hobo by the neck and began to bend him over backward toward the fire. He was cursing softly and rapidly in his own jargon, which includes the choicest oaths from three languages.

THE hobo did not understand any of it, but the back of his neck was close to the fire, and there was a hot, crawling sensation along the top of his scalp. He began to kick and squirm. He had had enough and was willing to say so, but he couldn't get his breath. The cholo knew all about this, so he stopped cursing and leaned over the hobo, smiling.

"Léon!" some one whispered. The cholo jerked the hobo to his feet, then let him go and felt around in his serape for a cigarette.

Léon stepped out from the shadow of the chaparral and stood looking at them. Over in the east the sky was brightening, and he stood out brown and straight against it.

"You are overcautious," he said, in his perfect English. "I was yet a quarter of a mile away when I heard you."

This was one of the reasons why Léon was a master

of his work; he was eternally careful. Five days' journey out in the desert, he traveled along cat-footed, and stayed in the open places, so that no one could come up on him from behind.

The cholo explained that he had been insulted, which was more than he would have bothered to tell anyone but Léon, and the hobo said that he would like what was coming to him, because he wanted to get out. Léon laughed. He squatted down by the fire, Mexican fashion, resting on the balls of his feet and rocking a little backward and forward to keep his balance. When the others had brought out their earnings he threw a bag of money on the heap. Two of the men began to sort the stack into six equal portions, and the hobo stood by to see that it was well done. This was unnecessary; there would be no cheating.

"I was late," said Léon, sifting some tobacco into a cigarette paper. "It was the new sheriff—he was watching me."

The others said nothing. Like all of their kind, they never wasted time in worrying until it was too late to do anything else.

Léon bent down over the fire to get a light, and the coals threw a red glow over him. He was young, younger than any of them, with a slender, muscular body. His eyes were restless and dark—Mexican eyes; but his hair was not black, as it should have been. It was a reddish brown, bleached at the ends by sun and wind.

"The sheriff took his oath of office to-day," he said, straightening himself. "And things will be different with us now. He comes from a ranch up the county, they say. Also, he says he will clean up the town."

THE men looked up from their counting.

"You done?" asked the hobo, holding out his hand for his share. When they gave it to him he added it up, carefully and slowly, because he was not used to the gold pieces.

"It ain't much," he said.

"So you think you have been cheated?" said the cholo, who had pocketed his portion without looking at it.

The hobo gave a quick look at the others. Then he sidled up to the cholo. It was the chance he had been waiting for.

He turned over and crawled around back of the bush, trying to make a wide circle around the fire. The bullets followed him



"What if I do?" he said, and struck out at the cholo, so that he fell on his face in the sand. Then the hobo whirled around toward the underbrush. But the cholo turned over and caught him by the legs and held him, although he was struggling and shouting.

LÉON reached out and caught the hobo by the collar. "Madre de Dios!" he said softly, "try and make more noise, so that the whole town will hear you. Now get out."

But the hobo did not have time to get out, although he tried. For the new sheriff and two of his men were riding along the old Gila levee, having followed Léon that far.

So, instead of turning back, as they had started to do, they got out of their saddles and crawled along toward the place where they had heard voices. When they saw the camp, and Léon stamping out the fire, they straightened up and got their six-shooters out of the holsters. Then they separated and ran down on the camp from three sides.

It was then that the hobo got away, crawling, lizard fashion, through the mesquite. The others stopped dead still where they were standing and made no attempt at a fight. They knew enough about six-shooters to understand exactly what it meant when three barrels were pointing down at them from a good shooting distance.

The sheriff came into Léon's cell the next day. He stood by the door with his back against the bars, for there was not room enough for two to sit down in the place. He held out a sack of tobacco and a book of papers.

"No, gracias," said Léon, but his throat ached as he said it.

The sheriff dropped the tobacco into his pocket.

"I'm afraid we've got the goods on you," he said finally.

"Si,"
"You're about the youngest of this lot, aren't you?" the sheriff asked, striking a match and holding it over his pipe. The tobacco glowed and bubbled in the bowl, and Léon winced. They had taken his cigarettes when they had searched him, and, as he had been awake all night, he had needed them.

"And I reckon, what's more, you and the cholo sorter ran the gang to suit yourselves. It's a bad business, because there's only one end to it. I don't like to see you at it—there's plenty of 'em not fit for anything else."

Léon waited, staring past him out into the dirty, crowded patio of the jail.

"How long have you been at it?"

"Since I was big enough."

"Good Lord," said the sheriff under his breath. "How did you happen into it, anyhow?"

Léon looked up at him. He looked at him a long time, at the yellowish hair and the long, bony line of the jaw. He tried to remember where he had seen the face before. Then he realized that the blue eyes above him were not only fixed on him intently, but with kindness. He looked down at the cell floor, and did not try to answer.

"I'd like to give you a chance, Léon."

Léon said nothing.

"I'm going to clean up this town—it needs it, and it's what I'm here for. I need a new deputy. I know all about you, and I've got to have a man who knows something about a gun."

"Si."

Léon was bewildered, and did not know what to say. He tried to find some reason back of the offer, and since it had been part of his business to be suspicious of everyone, he thought of all the bad motives first. He put them aside, one by one; he stared around at the foul furnishings of his cell and thought of what it would be to stay there for a long time, locked in, and alone. When he looked up at the sheriff he smiled, and the sheriff looked away because it hurt him to see it.

"Well, I'll talk to the judge, and we'll try it."

"And the others?" said Léon.

"They'll get five years or more—and there'll be some extra for that cholo. There's a record on all of 'em—they knew what they were about."

"There's nothing to do?"

"No."

"I will do whatever you tell me." There were some more things that he wanted to say, but, although he tried, he could not put them into words.

The sheriff went out, locking the cell door behind him. Léon sat on his cot and stared at the cracks in his adobe floor. He went over in his mind again and again what the sheriff had done. And, as his brain had worked too long in one groove, it tried, automatically, to find something evil behind the thing. He was distrustful of the law; he knew, by experience, that the wheels of justice turn in strange fashions, and are cruel, intent on crushing everything that runs contrary to them. But there were the sheriff's kindly eyes—and the tobacco he had remembered to bring with him.

The sheriff came for Léon that night and took him into his office, where he gave him his belongings—his cigarettes, some papers, and an old knife that had belonged to his father. This was his most valued possession. He had been afraid that they would throw it away, and he mumbled something about being grateful.

THE sheriff took two six-shooters and a cartridge belt from a table drawer.

"You get a badge that goes along with these," he said. "And as long as you haven't any dinero I'll advance you enough to carry you along for a bit."

Léon put the money and the badge into the pocket of his shirt.

"How do you know that I will do right at this?"

"I don't," said the sheriff. "Go down and look over the bunch in The Nugget. There's a gang of niggers in there from the dam."

So Léon went down to The Nugget, as he was told to do, and brought four drunken negroes up to the jail, one after another. For each of these he received a fee of two dollars and thirty cents. It was strange work for him to be doing, as he kept thinking to himself, and for a while he laughed every time he looked down at the silver star winking on the flap of his shirt pocket.

The men in town who knew him, or his reputation, thought that the whole thing was some sort of a joke, and they said that Joe Darling was a fool, with very little idea of what constituted a good sheriff.

Joe himself seemed well pleased with his bargain. Léon accomplished just as much on one side of the law as on the other. The county had never had an officer so well trained, so diligent, and so wise in the ways of crooks and all evildoers. When a thing defied reason he solved it by intuition, a faculty none the less valuable because it had been developed in questionable channels. If it had been to his advantage to study every manner and kind of thief when he had worked with them to their mutual profit, it was doubly to his advantage now, because it profited the sheriff. And to please him was the chief thing with Léon.

March 8

When the members of his gang were tried, he stood in the court room and heard them sentenced to five years at Florence. He had tried to do something for them—not that they had any right to expect it, nor that he owed it to any one of them, but because he felt that it was wrong for him to go loose while the others paid. When he heard the sentence he was sorry for them, because he knew what it meant.

UNTIL the morning when the sheriff came into his cell, Léon had never cared for anything or anyone in his life. He knew all of Joe's faults, his weaknesses; but whatever Joe ordered he obeyed absolutely. And every day he tried to do the little things that Joe would like. Not that Joe knew about it or wanted to know. When all was said and done, Léon was a half-breed, a greaser, and, in the West, greasers are the scum of the earth, and are treated as such. Léon knew what he was—he was never allowed to forget it; but he used to hope that the time would come when he might have a chance to do some magnificent thing which would startle the world and would please Joe. That was because nothing had been able to kill his essential boyishness; he looked like a boy in spite of his years, and, now that he had the chance, he was sometimes one in his heart.

One day Joe rode into the courthouse yard with the girl that he was going to marry. The girl had come out from the East, and she was a dainty little person, with small hands and feet. Her hair was thick and bronze colored, and she had the Irish eyes that have soft shadows under them. Léon was used to the half-breed women of his own caste, who are elemental and neither know nor care about exquisite things. When this girl talked to him she made quick, aimless gestures; and her hands were very white, with pointed fingers.

He felt that there were subtle, mysterious things about her that he could never understand—they were veiled in her eyes, which were blue like the blue desert flowers. There was a certain underlying coquetry about her dress. It was pale, and fell into new, pretty folds with every movement that she made; it was even of a color that he had never seen before. He sensed these things rather than knew them. There was no way that he could have known, for the half-breed women dressed themselves in bright, hot colors, and their hands were brown—like his own.

WHEN she rode away Léon went about his work and said nothing, but he thought about her, and remembered how she had looked, standing in the square of sunlight before the door. The line of her hair about her temples was fine and delicate, and the sun made a thousand golden lights in it.

When she came again to the office Léon was in the hallway.

"Where is Léon, Joe?" was the first thing that she said. But he did not go into the room to see her. Instead, he saddled up his horse and rode out into the desert, where he lived over again and again, the thrill that had gone through him at the sound of her voice, and tried to keep in his mind all the things that the sheriff had done for him.

It was late when he turned back, and he let his horse find his own way, with the reins dangling over the saddle horn. So he met her at the foothills as she was coming back from town, and he would have passed her had she not stopped him, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Come on back my way," she said, "because it's getting dark and it's lonesome along this old road."

He rode along beside her, not trying to talk, but looking at her whenever he could. When they came to the ranch she would not let him get down, but slipped out of her saddle and held up her hand to tell him good-by.

"It was nice of you to come along with me—and I'm much obliged. Sometimes I'm afraid, riding down here, because I'm none too good at it, anyway."

"At what?"

She laughed, looking up at him, her eyes darkened by their black lashes.

"At riding and knowing all about horses and roads and things. You keep forgetting that I'm from the East."

"I do not forget it," said Léon, and added, because he saw no need of concealing it: "You are too different from any other woman I have ever seen."

She looked down at the toes of her small, dusty boots.

"I'm just different because I don't know about the ways out here."

THAT was not what Léon had meant, and he knew that she chose to evade him. In some manner he did not understand she had made him feel at ease with her; in some intangible way she had brought him closer to her.

"If you are afraid," he said, "I ought not to let you ride alone."

"You're helping me out nicely, because I was just trying to think of some way to make you come along with me again. And you're such a shy sort of a person, I didn't know how to do it."

"It was not that—I was afraid," he said, boyishly.

"But when?"

"To-morrow—at sundown. And we'll ride out on the

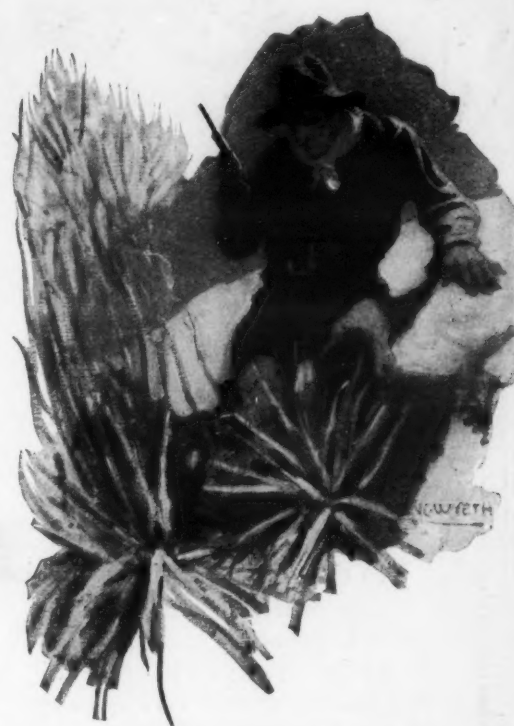
desert a little ways, because it is nice there. And I've always wanted to, but I couldn't alone."

She put up her hand a second time, and he held it for a breathless second in his own.

"At sundown," he said, and rode away with a tight feeling in his throat.

So they rode together every day at dusk, sometimes far beyond the foothills and into the desert, where the shadows of the mesquite made a fretwork of sapphire and the cactuses were slender, ivory minarets against the sky. Every morning Léon told himself he would not go; and he believed it when he said it. But everything conspired against him; the mystery of the twilight and the memory of the unspoken things written in the girl's eyes. After a while his days became nothing but a series of unimportant things that led up to the hour of their meeting.

And the barriers of caste, of race, of breeding, that



stood between them were broken down, one after another, until they were just a boy and girl together, hopelessly adrift and helpless in a tide they did not understand. For them the world was peopled with shadows and made up from happy dreams where there were no unpleasant things.

As they rode back one night she talked to him about Joe for the first time. Behind them the moon came up over the edge of the desert and rested there, round and gold in the purple sky. They could feel the night mist rising from the chaparral; and their ponies made velvet black shadows on the sand.

"When I came out West my aunt and all of them told me about Joe Darling," she said. "He wasn't like the other men—back there. And that's how it happened."

"Do you—" said Léon. But he did not try to finish it.

"He is brave and good, like his father. You know his father, old Mr. Darling—James Darling?"

"James—everybody out here knows him."

"He's Joe's father."

"I did not know that," said Léon.

"And that's how it all happened," she said again,

twirling the ends of her reins around her saddle horn.

When Léon did not answer she looked at him. All the color was gone from his face, and his eyes were black and sparkling.

"You are not sorry, Maisie?" he asked, stumbling over the words.

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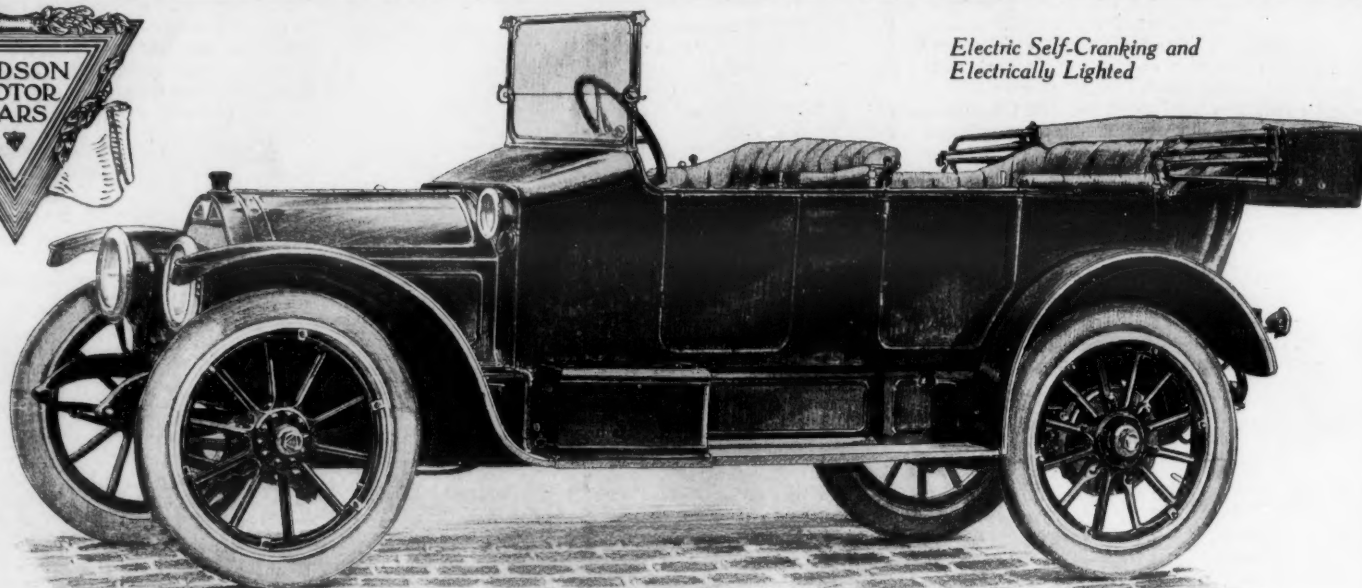
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(Continued on page 88)



Electric Self-Cranking and
Electrically Lighted



"37" Phaeton, \$1875 Complete

We Have But Two Competitors

In the medium-price class, there are but three cars that are spoken of as leaders.

One of the three mentioned, whenever values are discussed—is inevitably the HUDSON.

It is generally conceded by all that either of the three makes offers excellent values.

If you are at all interested in the motor car, either as an owner or as a prospective buyer, it is not necessary to mention the other two cars by name. You can prove that the trade considers only three cars as leaders if you ask any dealer of a medium-priced automobile to name the three cars which, next to the one he sells, are the best on the market. Nine times out of ten whatever automobile dealer you ask will, in reply to such a question, name the HUDSON.

Why These Three Cars are Leaders

If you will look closely into the subject, you will find certain definite reasons for such leadership.

And if you will let those reasons be your guide in your selection of a car, you will not likely be disappointed in your purchase.

Each of the three companies is well established. Each is successful and prosperous. Each builds a large quantity of cars. Combined, they build about 75% of all the cars of their class. They have highly efficient engineering organizations. Their factories are operated with extreme economy and smoothness. Each company is successful in marketing its product. Each has a large organization of dealers. In every locality, the dealers handling these three cars are the pick of the trade in their communities. They have built up their business by honest and progressive methods.

These things guarantee the service you will obtain with either of the two cars or with the HUDSON. For whatever car you choose, if you are to get as much service from it as you expect, it must be represented by a dealer who has more interest in you than the mere selling of the car.

These three cars all have an excellent reputation for maintenance of a fixed price. You can't place much reliance in a car that is sold to one buyer at one price and to another at a different price. If a dealer must trade with each customer on a different basis, or a manufacturer is unable to maintain a price, it proves that the quality is misrepresented, or the manufacturer or dealer is not making the profit which he must receive in order to give the service you should have.

You will find also that these three cars command by far a higher price as second-hand machines, proportionate to their original cost, than does any other.

A very small percentage of those who have ever owned either of the two other cars, or a HUDSON, when they come to buy a new car, purchase any other than one of these three makes.

Wherein the Three Differ

Even though from the above it would seem there is little to choose as between one car or another of these three, there is a greater distinction than you may think.

The choice of either is like the selection of friends.

You know many persons whose friendship is worth while. Any one of them is to be trusted. Any one would make a good companion.

Each is true blue and yet you naturally find reasons, even with all their excellent qualities, for preferring one to others.

These three cars will very likely please you as they are pleasing thousands of owners. But there may be some distinctive reasons why you will find greater satisfaction in the ownership of one car than in the possession of either of the other two.

For instance, in the HUDSON there are such qualities of beauty and comfort as you will like. The simplicity of the car may make a striking impression upon you. Its design is so free from all extra contrivances in the way of rods, wires, etc., that you will like it for that reason. Its simplicity will appeal to you because of the accessibility of the car with its few parts to wear and get out of adjustment. With such simplicity and accessibility any repairs to any part of the car that may ever be needed are easy and inexpensive to make.

The electric self-starting and electric lighting features, you will of course like. They are conveniences and make automobiling more pleasant than ever before.

You may like the depth of the seats of the HUDSON, with their comfortable position and the 12-inch upholstery. The long sweeping lines of the body and the distinctive beauty of the general appearance of the car are qualities just as appealing as are the qualities which attract you to individuals.

The personality of the dealer, the policy of the company, are characteristics just as distinctive as are the attractions found in people.

The Three Makers Are About Sold Out

The past winter has been unusually favorable for motor car sales. November, January and February have been record breakers for business.

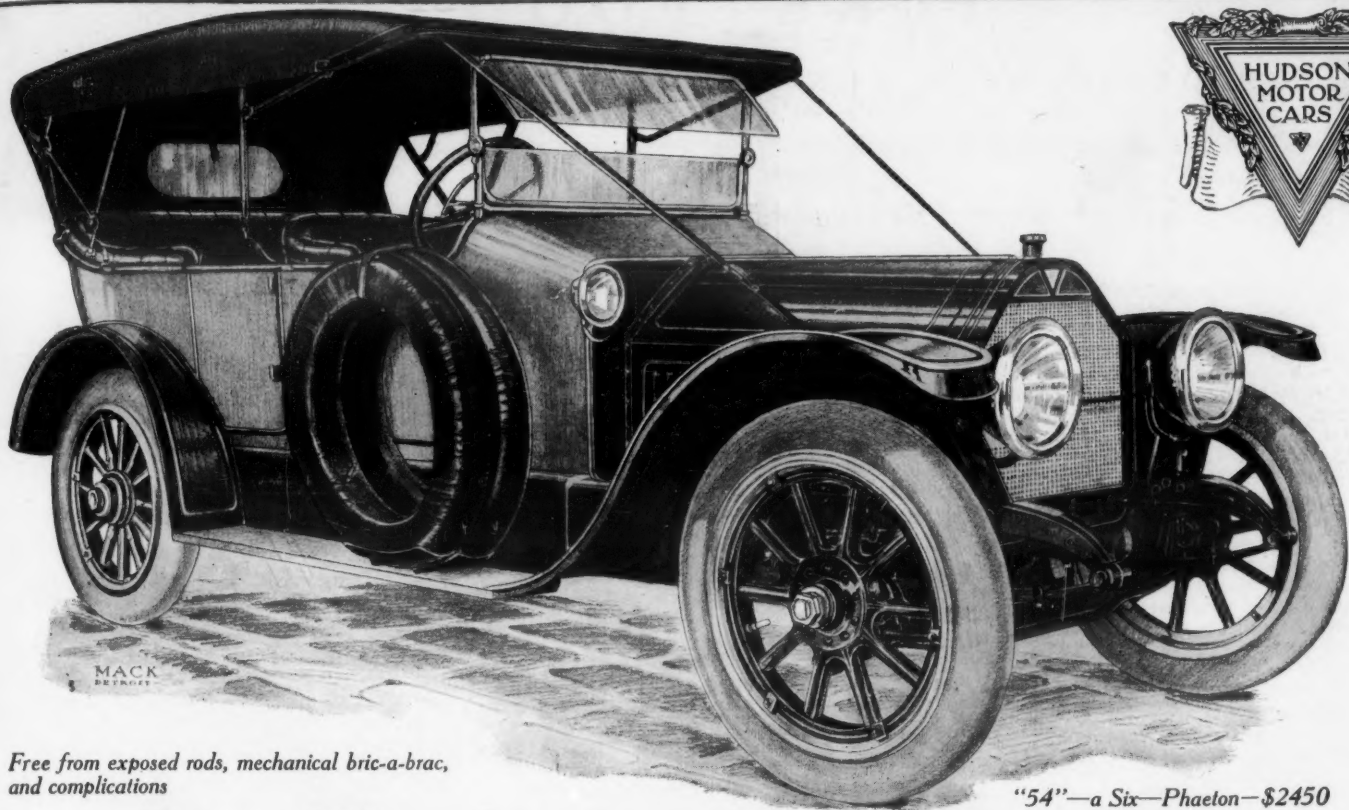
Normally, these are the months when manufacturers store up a stock to meet the big spring demand. However, every HUDSON has been taken just as fast as we could build them. There is no surplus stock of HUDSONS to meet the natural requirements of the next three months. We cannot begin to keep up with orders. That condition, to practically a similar degree, exists with the other two leading cars.

You naturally will prefer one of these three makes to any other. Therefore decide now. They are cars you can safely buy.

If you postpone ordering, it is not probable that you will get a car when you want it.

Decide now. In no other way will you be sure of getting the car you can afford to accept and have it delivered at the time you will want it.

See the Triangle on the Radiator



But These are the Reasons We Advance for the HUDSON

Generally speaking, all good cars are best known because of one distinctive feature.

One is spoken of as being well built. Another has a reputation for the beauty of its finish.

One maker has gained confidence because of the manner of treating customers.

Large volume is advanced by another as an explanation of quality at low price.

All these are sound reasons for consideration.

Each and all are essential in the policy of any company that succeeds.

But, if you look closely, you will find that while one lays greater emphasis upon one of these claims than upon others, all successful makers are in common in their position in such essentials.

All, to succeed, must build their cars well.

All must assure service to the owner.

All must combine luxurious finish with mechanical excellence.

Large volume is essential to any success, for without volume the value is not in keeping with the price that must be charged.

How 48 Engineers Made HUDSON Distinctive

As every successful car is referred to with reference to the one feature for which it is best known, the HUDSON is famous because of its advanced design.

HUDSON cars have always been known to be leaders as the most advanced type of engineering skill.

There are Two New HUDSONS—the "37"—a Four and the "54"—a Six Both are electric self-cranking, electrically lighted and are furnished completely equipped

THE FOUR

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has been more successful.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its details of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment, including the famous Delco, patented, self-cranking and lighting system is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best these 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Phaeton and Two-passenger Roadster at \$1875 each; Limousine, \$3250; Coupe, \$2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupe, extra. Canadian prices, either Touring, Phaeton or Roadster, \$2425 duty paid, f. o. b. Detroit.

That means simplicity in design and operation. It indicates that essentials are less clumsily accomplished than in cars not so well designed. It assures accessibility.

Since the skill of designers is not confined to mechanical details, it also means more beautiful lines, a greater luxury, a richer appearance and an individuality as characteristic as artists put into their pictures or as architects work into their building.

The best engineering brains in the industry are responsible for the two new models of HUDSONS. The 48 experts, including Howard E. Coffin, who designed these cars have had wide experience.

Combined they represent about all of value that is known in the way of motor car building.

Each man has influenced the design of the car only so far as he has proved his leadership.

These men came from every automobile building country.

Most of them are regular employees of this Company. Some are associated as engineers with other institutions, and we used them merely in an advisory capacity. Some are consulted by other manufacturers.

We are constantly focusing the greatest skill and experience obtainable upon the design and production of HUDSON cars. If we cannot get all of the time of such experts, or if we have no need for their services beyond a certain detail, we use their abilities to the point where their value ceases to be an advantage.

Directing all these men is Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer. Thus we have succeeded in producing cars that are distinctive and that have many features of advantage to the driver and owner not possessed by others, even though they give an almost perfect service.

THE SIX

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed far greater than you will ever care to call upon it to give. It will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start. No grade is too steep for it.

Its equipment, complete in every detail, includes the most famous system of electric self-cranking, electric lighting—dynamo type—and ignition device to be had, known as the Delco, patented. There is also an illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain-vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36x4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimmed or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Phaetons and Two-passenger Roadster, \$2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, \$150 additional. Limousine, Seven-passenger, \$3750; Coupe, Three-passenger, \$2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupe at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Phaeton or Roadster, duty paid, \$3200 f. o. b. Detroit.

Hudson Motor Car Company 7601 Jefferson Avenue
Detroit, Mich.



PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY LEWIS B. ALLYN



Bricks without Straw

I WOULD never eat anything that contained glucose," said the pure-food lecturer, "because it contains glue and is used to adulterate hides, which are eventually made into cheap shoes." He might have added with the same brilliant logic that shoes are worn in all sorts of places by all sorts of people. One felt constrained to ask him who put the glue in glucose, for apparently he had never heard that the word glucose is of Greek origin, meaning sweet and not "sticky." The substance is free from glue or any other objectionable material, and is a food product of merit. As to its being an adulterant of hides, one fails to see the relevancy of that remark.

Cane sugar is used in shoe blacking; cornstarch to powder the hair; a dollar bill may contribute to the "grafter's fund," but none of these uses cast any discredit upon the article in question so far as its legitimate employment is concerned.

When asked to explain the relation between "hides" and healthfulness, he admitted that he made the statement to excite his audience. He has become greatly discredited because of the pyrotechnic discrepancies of his reasoning upon food subjects. It was Bill Nye who said:

*The bigger the balloon is round about,
The flatter is the bag when the gas comes out.*

Conservatism is a mighty good word to apply to all social questions, and in particular it should be used in discussing the food situation of the United States. The word really means watching over or guarding together. It is one of the easiest things in the world to make misstatements concerning our foods and to condemn not only the products themselves but also the manufacturers of these products and the retailers who deal in them. The evolution of the food liar is a logical sequence.

Harm Done by Exaggeration

A FEW of this class have developed because they have noted an instance where ptomaine poisoning followed the eating of cheese or canned fish. To them it is right and altogether proper to draw the conclusion that all cheese and all canned fish are poisonous, and that the maker or packer of the same put the poisonous substance in with premeditated malice.

Others of this class develop through a sheer love of the spectacular, dramatic, or grotesque.

It is the visible effects of food juggling that appeal most strongly to a certain type of mind from whence is evolved the food liar.

"Ship us out a box of adulterated samples," writes a correspondent, "for we want to startle the community." Here we have the pure-food liar de luxe. He does not want to help, but he wants to "startle" and cause a shudder of horror and a thrill of fear in trusting townsmen. It is a good thing to use a club once in a while when conditions become so intolerable as to demand it, but we are beginning to learn to-day that the most effective club is the cudgel of silence operating with a conservative display of quality and purity.

"There is greater pleasure," said Pestalozzi, "in reflecting on the images of crime than on the character of virtue." Greater pleasure perhaps, but how about the stifled, enfeebled conscience, perverted action, and a will enslaved by erroneous suggestions? So it is with the food situation. Beware the continued cry of "Wolf! wolf!" Remember there is a wolf, but the increasing multitude of the shepherd guardians of our foods, in the guise of high-grade, conscientious manufacturers, supported by an even larger company of clear-sighted dealers, are constantly pushing the beast of adulteration into the background, food liars notwithstanding.

If the evil stopped with the maker of these suggestions, very little damage would be done; but as they attain much publicity, hundreds and perhaps thousands of sincere, earnest people are duped and for a time come to believe that they are living in a veritable cesspool of iniquity when the opposite is more nearly in accord with the facts. Here follows, from a correspondent, a quotation which, in part perhaps, illustrates the point:

I would very much like to have a list of pure foods, so that I can use them, as I don't want to feed myself and my family on poisoned foods. I would like to stir up sentiment in my city, so as to compel our Board of Health to take up the fight for foods that are not poisoned, so that we will not be taking poisons into our stomachs unknowingly.

The next correspondent has been very much misled as to the true situation:

My wife is often sick for several days when she eats some of the goods put up in cans. I have come to the conclusion, from what I have heard, that it is some of the poisons put in the cans.

Briefly stated, there may be at least three different kinds of adulteration of food, irrespective, of course, of the subject of misbranding or making erroneous statements concerning any products.

The first consists in adding substances to foods which are distinctly toxic or deleterious in their effect upon health. Some of these substances are known to be positively injurious; concerning others, very grave doubts exist as to their healthfulness. The practice of embalming milk with the deadly formaldehyde, or treating ice-cream cones with boric acid; soft drinks, salad dressings, and the like with saccharin; greening vegetables, such as peas, spinach, and Brussels sprouts, with blue vitriol, otherwise known as sulphate of copper—these adulterants without question belong to the first class. Very few to-day will dispute the assertion that they ought not to be used in our foods. In the case of the questionable drugs—sulphurous acid, coal-tar dyes, alum, and benzoate of sodium—it would seem to many intelligent students of the food situation that the benefit of the doubt should in every instance be given to the consumer. The rights of the consumer should be paramount wherever the question of health is involved. There is no good reason why the American public should be subjected to a series of experiments by a certain class of manufacturers to prove or to disprove the fitness of any drug for use in the food supply. Happily for us, the great mass of foods on the American market to-day does not contain these substances, the progressive manufacturer has shown that their use is not necessary, and his conscience as well as his bank account profits by their omission.

The addition of drugs to foods constitutes what may be called injurious adulteration. It is the least common of all the tricky food practices, but it still exists, and the consumer rightfully fears it.

For years COLLIER's has been trying to impress upon the public the necessity of reading the label, and if the presence of questionable material appears thereon to refuse to buy that particular brand of food. It is a safeguard which anyone may practice. It is a duty which one owes to the manufacturer of goods of quality.

A modified type of injurious adulteration consists in removing from foods some of their valuable or necessary constituents or ingredients—such as taking the cream from milk and selling the remainder as whole milk, removing part of the essential oils from spices and selling the woody fiber, which is essentially flavored sawdust, for the genuine article, or the practice of substituting one grade of spice for another. These tricks work no particular injury perhaps on the consumer, but the robbing of grains and cereals of a large part of their natural mineral and proteid constituents probably does. Hear what a prominent miller says in regard to this matter, then ask yourself who is to blame:

From your remarks we note that you regard our flour as too closely milled; also that it does not meet your ideas as to the amount of mineral matter present, which we presume is represented by the ash. You may be right in this contention, but we have found it impossible to induce the public to use this class of flour. This was thoroughly demonstrated in England about two years ago when agitation for an 80 per cent flour spread over the country, supported by some of the leading papers, resulting in a large demand which lasted some three or four months and then subsided, and while an 80 per cent flour differs to some extent from one with .5 per cent ash, the experiment was along similar lines, and we merely pass it along as an illustration that, while you may convince the consumer that flour of a certain type may be better for him to use from a health and nutritive standpoint, it seems to be that he, in time, tires of the bread made of this type of flour and returns to the use of the higher grades.

Pity the miller who wants to do right but is not supported by the consuming public! What would you do in his case?

For years dietists classified foods as nitrogenous or carbonaceous, making little account of or passing gently over the ash or mineral content. To-day we are beginning to learn that minerals, as they naturally occur in foods, are of tremendous importance.

Another type of adulteration is that affecting the pocketbook of the consumer and perhaps also the morals of the packer. We refer to coloring, polishing,

bleaching, and dyeing of foodstuffs, for the express purpose of making them appear of greater value than they are; to make them appeal more strongly to the perverted taste of the consumer. It is becoming recognized that many people eat with their eyes instead of with their palates.

Here is a sausage containing about 8 per cent of cracker crumbs and rice flour or some other harmless cereal substance, and about 40 per cent of added water. It is a large, plump specimen, selling for 16 cents per pound. In reality the purchaser is paying nearly 35 cents per pound for the sausage meat which it contains, and we are not commenting on the character of the meat.

Here is a package of cocoa selling for 10 cents. It contains 25 per cent of added cornstarch, which makes the cocoa as such cost the consumer over 66 cents per pound.

Here is a can of baking powder with which the careful housewife has received a sled for her little boy, or a vase for the parlor shelf, or a part of a set of dishes for the table, little thinking that she is paying almost three times as much as would have been necessary to buy a box of high-grade, efficient baking powder. These are mere commercial frauds which only time and intelligent public sentiment will remedy.

Thus we have the three types of food sophistication—adding deleterious substances to, extracting necessary constituents from, and disguising with colors, fillers, bleaches, and the like. Of these types, the last two are by far the most prevalent. It is part of the COLLIER Educational Campaign to give the people simple truths concerning foods. There are thousands of burglaries and highway robberies, but the majority of the people are not burglars or thugs. There are thousands of adulterated foods, some of them injuriously adulterated, but the majority of foods are not adulterated.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer

Head Rice

What is "head rice"? We are using it in our restaurant and I should like to know if it has a higher food value than the whole unpolished rice.—Mrs. C. H. B., Boston, Mass.

One of the most prominent rice milling companies gives the following suggestion:

It is pretty hard to give an accurate definition of the term "head rice." In New England it generally means whole grain rice, either Carolina or Honduras, in contradistinction to Japan rice. When we mill Honduras or large grain rice, it is sifted or sorted according to the size of the grain after it is cleaned. "Fancy head rice" consists of the whole grains and a certain percentage of the half quarter grains. "Second head rice" is mostly quarter grains. The next smaller siftings are called "screenings." The smallest of all are called "brewers." The food value of all grades is identically the same. The only difference is in the cooking. The large grains stand out and give the cooked dish a more attractive appearance. For this reason "fancy heads" demand a higher price.

It will be seen from this that "head rice" is largely a commercial term, and refers principally to the size of the grain. It may be either polished or unpolished. If you are interested in serving a rice which has the highest possible food value common to that cereal, serve "natural brown rice" from which none of the natural organic mineral salts have been taken. This is practically rice as nature intended it to be eaten. A perverted public taste has forced the rice miller, in some instances against his will, to put on the market the white anemic rice common in the ordinary grocery store. This is sometimes coated with glucose, talc, or paraffin, in order to give it an unnatural smoothness and brilliancy.

Those who have eaten beautiful grain midway between cream color and light brown in hue have been enthusiastic over its flavor; and natural rice is winning its way into favor again in the United States.

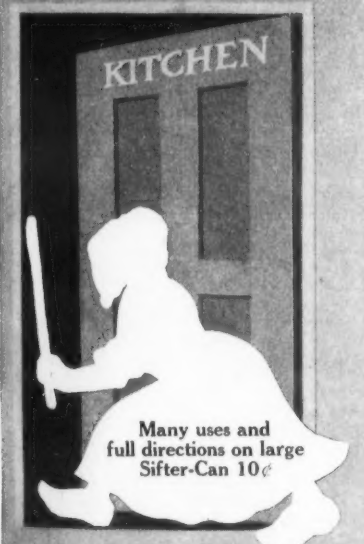
Questionable Food Value

I have in my possession the remnant of a bottle of Beef Extract that was prescribed by a physician in a case of typhoid fever as nourishment. The experiment was a failure. The patient grew worse, and I have

(Concluded on page 33)



**Cleans Every-
where it Goes-**



Many uses and
full directions on large
Sifter-Can 10¢



An Ode in Time of Inauguration



By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THINE aid, O Muse, I consciously beseech;

I crave thy succor, ask for thine assistance
That men may cry: "Some little ode! A peach!"

O Muse, grant me the strength to go the distance!

For odes, I learn, are dithyrambs, and long;
Exalted feeling, dignity of theme
And complicated structure guide the song.
(All this from Webster's book of high esteem.)

Let complicated structure not becloud
My lucid lines, nor weight with overloading.

To Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth and that crowd

I yield the bays for ground and lofty odging.

Mine but the task to trace a country's growth,

As evidenced by each inauguration
From Washington's to Wilson's primal oath—

In these U. S., the celebrated nation.

But stay! or ever that I start to sing,
Or e'er I loose my fine poetic forces,

I ought, I think, to do the decent thing.
To wit: give credit to my many sources:

Barnes's "Brief History of the U. S. A.,"
Bryce, Ridpath, Scudder, Fiske, J. B. McMaster.

A book of odes, a Webster, a Roget—
The bibliography of this poetaster.

Flow, flow, my pen, as gently as sweet
Afton ever flowed!

An thou dost ill, shall this be still a poor
thing, but mine ode.

G. W., initial prex.

Right down in Wall Street, New York
City.

Took his first oath. Oh, multiplex
The whimsies quaint, the comments witty

One might evolve from that! I scorn
To mock the spot where he was sworn.

On next Inauguration Day
He took the avouchment sempiternal

Way down in Phil-a-delph-i-a,
Where rises now the "L. H. Journal."

His Farewell Speech in '06
Said: "Ware the Trusts and all their tricks!"

John Adams fell on darksome days:
March Fourth was blustery and sleety;

The French behaved in horrid ways
Until John Jay drew up a treaty.

Came the Eleventh Amendment, too,
Providing that—but why tell you?

T. Jefferson, one history showed,
Held all display was vain and idle.

Alone, unpanoplied, he rode;
Alone he hitched his horse's bridle.

No ball that night, and no carouse,
But back to Conrad's boarding house.

He tied that bridle to the fence
The morning of inauguration;

John Davis saw him do it; whence
Arose his "simple" reputation.

The White House, though, with Thomas J.,
Had chefs—and parties every day.

THE MUSE INTERRUPTS THE ODIST

If I were you I think I'd change my
medium;

I weary of your meter and your style.
The sameness of it sickens me to tedium;

I'll quit unless you switch it for a while.

THE ODIST REPLIES

I bow to thee, my Muse, most eloquent
of pleaders;

But why embarrass me in front of all
these readers?

Madison's inauguration
Was a lovely celebration.

In a suit of wool domestic
Rode he, stately and majestic.

Making it be manifest
Clothes American are best.

This has thundered through the ages.
(See our advertising pages.)

Lightly I pass along, and so
Come to the terms of James Monroe

Who framed the doctrine far too well-
Known for an odist to retell.

His period of friendly dealing
Began The Era of Good Feeling.

John Quincy Adams followed him in
Eighteen Twenty-four;

Election was exciting—the details I shall
ignore.

But his inauguration as our country's
President

Was, take it from McMaster, some con-
siderable event.

It was a brilliant function, and I think I
ought to add

The Philadelphia "Ledger" said a gor-
geous time was had.

Old Andrew Jackson's pair of terms were
terribly exciting;

That stern, intrepid warrior had little else
than fighting.

A time of strife and turbulence, of poli-
tics and flurry,

But deadly dull for poem themes, so,
Mawruss, I should worry!

In Washington did Martin Van
A stately custom then decree:

Old Hickory, the veteran,
Must ride with him, the people's man,

For all the world to see.
A pleasant custom, in a way,

And yet I should have laughed
To see the Sage of Oyster Bay

On Tuesday ride with Taft.
(Pardon me this

Parentetical halt:
That sight you'll miss,

But it isn't my fault.)
William Henry Harrison came

Riding a horse of alabaster,
But the weather that day was a sin and

a shame,
Take it from me and John McMaster.

Only a month—and Harrison died,
And V.-P. Tyler began preside.

A far from popular prex was he,
And the next one was Polk of Tennessee.

There were two inaugural balls for him,
But the rest of his record is rather dim.



Had I the pen of a Pope or a Thackeray,
Had I the wisdom of Hegel or Kant,

Then might I sing as I'd like to of
Zachary.

Then might I sing a Taylorian chant.
Oh, for the lyrical art of a Tennyson!

Oh, for the skill of Macaulay or Burke!
None of these mine; so I give him my

benison,
Turning reluctantly back to my work.

O Millard Fillmore! when a man refers
To thee, what direful, awful thing occurs?

Though in itself thy name hath nought of
wit,

Yet—and this doth confound me to admit
When I do hear it, I do smile; nay, more—

I laugh, I scream, I cachinnate, I roar
As Wearied Business Men do shake with

glee
At mimes that say "Dubuque" or "Kanka-

kee";

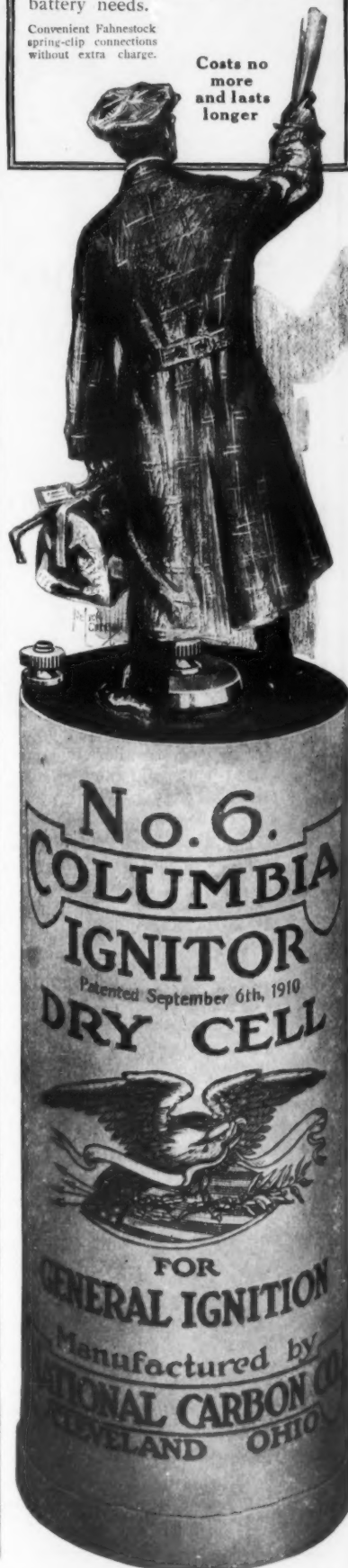
In Washington
or Peking
"COLUMBIA"
The National Battery

You'll find it in the
capitals of great nations
and in the far-flung
hamlets that every-
where dot the surface
of the globe.

Its long life and uniform service
are international in fame and uni-
versal in application to all dry
battery needs.

Convenient Fahnestock
spring-clip connections
without extra charge.

Costs no
more
and lasts
longer



Brickbats & Bouquets

IF COLLIER'S readers would read and heed your editorials, overalls and jumpers would be in more demand than evening suits. J. R. WILSON, Bloomington, Tex.

Every American boy—and his father—ought to read an editorial on "Chores" in a recent issue of COLLIER'S. It is highly educational.

—Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegraph*.

Mark Sullivan, associate and pugnacity editor of COLLIER'S, has issued another score card, showing the successive black eyes and bruises the Payne-Aldrich tariff has received at the hands of the American voters, beginning in a Massachusetts special Congressional election soon after the law's adoption, and ending with this year's campaign. Then Marcus sums up and marks down results and conclusions.

—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star Telegram*.

Even so radical a reform periodical as COLLIER'S admits that recent Senatorial changes have not resulted in the improvement of Senatorial quality.

—St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY howls itself into a white heat over the graft in Oklahoma. . . . If the editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY had just a tithe of the common sense on this Indian question possessed by nearly every schoolboy in Oklahoma he would know that practical dishonesty has cost the Indian of Oklahoma only about one-fifth of one-tenth of what impractical honesty has cost, and Secretary Fisher in his handling of Indian questions is, although honest and desirous to further the Indian's best interests, yet no shining exception.—Okmulgee (Okla.) *Democrat*.

On occasion COLLIER'S WEEKLY can be very disagreeable.

—Columbia (S. C.) *The State*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which did far more than any other paper published to make Taft's Administration unpopular, now gives the President great and deserved credit for vetoing bills giving away water-power sites estimated to be worth \$40,000,000. These bills were offered and backed by the most powerful Democrats in the Senate and House. COLLIER'S has discovered, too, since it began its fight against the Water Power Trust, not only that Taft is the one who has blocked the attempted steal of water-power sites, but that Senator Burton has been the real leader in the Senate in the fight against this greedy and powerful combine. It is fortunate that in this controversy Taft, Burton, and COLLIER'S are lined up on the same side, and COLLIER'S is to be commended for the reason that now (the election being over) it is capable of telling and willing to tell the truth (or a little of it) about President Taft.

—Gallipolis (Ohio) *Journal*.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

The reason I take your rotten labor-union sheet out of the post office at all is because when I do so I know at least one copy is burned up that might otherwise fall into hands where it would be read and your gospel of terror thus get some misguided convert.

HOWARD K. JAMES.

COLLIER'S is making a strenuous fight against giving up all the water powers in the country to the Water Power Trust. The people should look after their own.

—Mankato (Minn.) *Free Press*.

RICHMOND, VA.

I am glad to know that so popular and influential a journal as *The National Weekly* is brave enough to proclaim a potent truth which for a long time was too generally regarded as the imaginings of cranks and visionaries. Plainly, the awful crime to which you refer, committed by a drunken negro in the capital city of our great nation on the natal day of the Prince of Peace, was the result of a harmful traffic engaged in for money, and that traffic is decidedly a public menace.

W. M. BICKEN.

Senator Warren's reelection in Wyoming is gall and wormwood to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which constitutes one of our chief reasons for feeling so happy over it.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Republican*.

We just can't make our editorial scissors behave when COLLIER'S enters our office once a week. Its editorial columns are just chuck full of good things, and old Mr. Shears hovers over the pages with the same uncertainty of decision as a child who stands with his five-cent piece clutched in his fist before a show window filled with various sweets.

—Chico (Cal.) *Enterprise*.

COLLIER'S heart is true to the Colonel, but it is becoming more and more reconciled to Dr. Wilson.

—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*.

We notice that the editor of the "Events" at Enid, in the issue of the 16th, shows a disposition to don his war paint and go after the scalp of COLLIER'S WEEKLY because they make some pertinent comment on the matter of selecting an Oklahoma man for Secretary of State. COLLIER'S does overstep the border line of veracity a little when they imply that an honest man to deal with Indian affairs would be lonely, but we must all admit that almost every town in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma could produce a few candidates for the penitentiary if a proper investigation were made and the law executed without fear or favor. We have given outsiders some cause to look upon us with suspicion. It is very likely that the editor of the "Events" is righteously indignant, but there are some who better not invite that investigating paper to prove their position, as they have had their hand clapped before and "brought home the grapes."

—Henryetta (Okla.) *Standard*.

Senator Warren of Wyoming having been reelected yesterday, there is nothing left for COLLIER'S but tears and maybe hara-kiri.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Times*.

COLUMBUS, GA.

I am having your editorial "Motto for a Home" framed to hang in my room. It is one of the things we come across every little while that has everything in it that we feel and realize ourselves. I wish to thank you for the thoughts. I would love to see you in my house.

BARSCHALL ANDREWS.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

The short stories in COLLIER'S are remarkable—the most original, most unusual stories. Thank Heaven they haven't always got a "moral." More gray matter goes to the make-up of COLLIER'S and "Life" than any other publication.

O. A. WILLIAMSON.

We always have to smile, indulgently, when COLLIER'S descends from its lofty plane (sometimes aeroplane) to discuss common things of general interest, but, be it confessed, this descent from the sublime is usually accomplished without reaching the ridiculous. In fact, the editor of COLLIER'S talks baseball as well as ex-baseball player Billy Sunday preaches the gospel. Perhaps it is because "dope" for the "fans" looks so unaccustomed among the COLLIER'S editorials that we noticed it, or perhaps we noticed it there because we pay too little attention to the sporting page.—La Crosse (Wis.) *Tribune*.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which to-day is doing more than any other magazine in the world to arouse a public conscientiousness.

P. P. CHRISTENSEN.

Anyway get the Westfield book—made famous by COLLIER'S WEEKLY—and see for yourself what poor economy it is to buy adulterated products for your table.

—Portersville (Cal.) *Messenger*.

To Inquirer—No, the eminent attorneys that Mr. Roosevelt castigated in COLLIER'S for "Sarah Knisley's Arm" have not made any convincing reply—nor any other kind, either.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune*.

Suppose every crime laid at the door of intoxication were traced out as COLLIER'S suggests and laid at the door of the makers and sellers of booze, what would be the result? Does any intelligent person believe that the men who cultivate and exploit and drum up an evil traffic should not be held responsible for their part in the crime and suffering they cause?—Fairfield (Me.) *Times*.

PRINCE ALBERT

makes men
want to
smoke a
jimmy pipe!



1st. Prince Albert won't bite your tongue, or any other man's. Can't! Bite's cut out by the patented process that makes P. A. different from any tobacco ever produced. No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert.

2d. Prince Albert is crimp cut—ready to be tucked away in your old jimmy pipe, or rolled into the bulkiest cigarette you ever hooked a match to, *bar none!*

3d. Prince Albert is fresh and clean—just as it leaves our factory. In the 5c tippy red bag the tobacco is wrapped in waxed paper, then snugly fitted into the bag. Outside there's still another transparent glassine paper jacket—to keep the good *within* and the soil *without*. In the 10c tidy red tin P. A. is wrapped in transparent glassine paper, then sealed. Dust-proof—weather-proof—and freshness and fragrance and sweetness assured! You *compare*

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

P. A. in the tippy red bag 5c

with any other tobacco you ever smoked, *no matter what it cost!* The answer is: P. A.'s "the goods"—delicious from the first fire-up down to the sweetest "heel" you ever took a pull at!

Men, get alive to real pipe and cigarette joy! You certainly are not getting what is coming to you by smoking brands that never did and never can give you the absolute satisfaction that's yours via Prince Albert, fondly called "the national joy smoke" by its millions of friends.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere in the tippy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidor.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Coldwell Lawn Mowers

A Coldwell Motor Lawn Mower on the grounds of John D. Rockefeller's estate, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

A "Coldwell" Lawn

A Coldwell Motor Mower means a big saving in the case of large lawns. It gives a fine, even cut and rolls the lawn thoroughly at the same time.

It does the work of three men and three horse mowers on a gallon of gasoline per hour. It is no expense when not in use.

Coldwell Lawn Mowers are made in 150 different styles and sizes; horse and hand mowers as well as motor. Whatever kind of lawn mower you want, a Coldwell will please you best.

Descriptive catalogue and an interesting, practical booklet on care of lawns mailed on request. Send postal today.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Philadelphia NEWBURGH, N. Y. Chicago

Clean Towels—and Safety Or the Public Roller Towel

How Do You Stand?

ON which side of the fight have you enlisted? You can't be neutral—your own safety and the health and safety of those near and dear to you are vitally concerned.

Medical science has demonstrated that disease thrives in surroundings of filth—Can you imagine a more filthy, a more dangerous habit, than the use of a public roller towel?

**Scot Tissue
Towels**
"Use like a blotter"

are soft, snow-white towels of absorbent paper. They are used once, then thrown away—a fresh one for everyone at every wash.

Men afflicted with loathsome filth-diseases infest public lavatories, leaving the roller towel as an insidious menace to those who use it later.

Provide yourself and your family with Clean Towel Protection. Carry a few Scot-Tissue Towels in your grip. Have the women-folk take them along when they travel or go shopping.

Help put your town on the list of those which have legislated against this roller towel menace. Write to the Board of Health and the newspapers. Speak to your friends. Take a stand for *clean towels and safety*—lead in the fight!

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c

(W. of Mississippi, and in Canada, 50c)

Fixtures 25c to \$1.00

Write for free booklet, "Paper in the Home."

Scott Paper Company, 601 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of "Scot-Tissue" in Table Covers, Towels, Toilet Paper and Babies' Diapers; "Sani-Tissue" and the "Waldorf" Toilet Papers; "Sani-Konite"; and other Hygienic Paper Products

Some Timid Suggestions

(Continued from page 15)

The parade of 1897 was pulled off in overcoat weather, and a heavy rain wet down the patriots of 1901. But it remained for the blizzard of 1909 to break all records. It was even more successful than Thomas Jefferson in editing the parade plans. The blizzard began the night before, and not only stopped the parade but the street cars and trains. Thirty thousand marchers took strategic positions beside steam radiators that day, and Peary's stroll to the Pole was a blissful experience compared with the sufferings of the political marching club members who hunted hotel rooms on that terrible night.

THUS the inaugural parades up to date have been about one-half weather and one-half parade, to the great damage of the latter. Washington residents want the inaugural date pushed on into May, when Washington weather is more discussable in polite print. But this is a wasteful and heartless plan, involving tremendous additional expense by office seekers and needless prolonging of agony for the President-elect. It would be far better to fit the parade to the weather. The ordinary fourth of March in Washington would furnish perfect atmospheric conditions for the following pageant:

Marine Band in hip boots and mufflers.
Army in limousines.
Navy under reduced speed.
Governors of States and staffs in gondolas.
Cook County Marching Club on ice skates.
Alaskan delegation on dog sledges.
Purple-nosed patriots from the South in steam coils.
Amalgamated Pathfinders in full regalia.
Tammany tribes in blankets.
Pennsylvania militia in reproduction of Valley Forge.
Thrilling and dangerous spectacle of Washingtonians crossing Delaware (Avenue) in galoshes.
Suffragettes carrying hot bricks.

Of course there are times when the weather would not fit this parade and the navy would run aground. But history proves that these times would be few and far between. Why not have the parade fit the weather almost all of the time rather than have the weather fail to fit the parade any of the time?

But even a weather-proof parade will not save the old custom. As a novelty it might work for a time or two, but it would only postpone the inevitable. The parade must be torn down and rebuilt from the ground up. It must be made educational, historical, inspirational, and statistical. "The Army and Navy Forever" is all right in song, but as an inaugural parade it is getting to be a chestnut. The new parade must reflect the present, the ever-shifting present. It must be more vivid, more intense, more surprising. It must move the populace more deeply, it must be designed with more care and science. The present parade has no individuality at all. It is composed of portions of a Presidential funeral procession, a campaign rally, and a minstrel parade stuck together in a haphazard fashion. It is not created, but collected. If it takes three hours to pass a given point, the promoters are pleased and proud, whether the point remains awake or not.

I am not a designer of parades by profession, and claim no skill in the art. The parade I am about to suggest may not be the best possible parade. Others may mix cheese, beer, and lobster, and under the influence of the result invent parades which will make mine appear amateurish and trivial. But I would go to see my parade, paying full fare from the bosom of the Middle West to do so, which is more than I have ever done to see the ancient fizzle which is now on its last legs.

IN the first place, my parade would be a hundred miles long and would last a week, thus giving everyone ample opportunity to see a few miles of it. And if it had been pulled off for the present inauguration, it would have formed about as follows:

DIVISION I

Band composed of musicians with a political parade mileage of 20,000 or more.
Outgoing Cabinet officers in carryall.
Incoming Cabinet officers (rumored) in brigades, company front.
Supreme justices in robes on float.
West Point and Annapolis cadets (ordinary).
Cadets addicted to hazing (in cages).

DIVISION II—ROMAN PAGEANT Float Section

SECTION I—Incoming Representatives in chariots. Outgoing Representatives walking behind, in chains.
SEC. II—Gladiatorial tableau: State committeemen pursued by office seekers.
SEC. III—Vesuvius: portrayed by Colonel Watterson.
SEC. IV—Martyr in lion's den: new Congressman surrounded by hotel keepers.
SEC. V—Oracle's warning: "Beware the Ides of March," posed by Joseph W. Bailey.
SEC. VI—Coliseum scene: Senators turning thumbs down on lame-duck appointees.
SEC. VII—Roman galley slaves at work: posed by official stenographers, House of Representatives.
SEC. VIII—Cæsar at the banks of the Rubicon: Congressman Underwood contemplating the new tariff schedule.

DIVISION III

Democratic clubs with plug hats.

DIVISION IV

Plug Democratic clubs.

DIVISION V

\$10,000 office seekers \$2,500 office seekers
6,000 office seekers 1,000 office seekers
4,000 office seekers 500 office seekers
Unclassified, indeterminate, indefinite, inveterate, implacable, and incurable office seekers.

DIVISION VI—ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT

James Hamilton Lewis
Ben Tillman
Private John Allen
Governor Blease
Offie James
Early Arkansas Senator
Richmond P. Hobson
Jim Dahlman

DIVISION VII

Grand calithumpian parade of bet losers in amusing costumes and feats.
Democrats who swore in 1896 not to shave until a Democratic President was elected. The Republican party of Mississippi in taxicab.
Troupe of trained legislators led by Charles Murphy.

DIVISION VIII

William J. Bryan

DIVISION IX—HAPPY FAMILY

Harmon Democrats
Wilson Democrats
Jeffersonian Democrats
Free Silver Democrats
Cleveland Democrats
Bailey Democrats
Tillman Democrats
Blease Democrats
Hoke Smith Democrats
Hearst Democrats
Sullivan Democrats
Bryan Democrats
Dahlman Democrats
Folk Democrats
Reed Democrats
Carmack Democrats
Patterson Democrats
Bourbon Democrats
Scotch and Soda Democrats
Cold-water Democrats
(All under heavy guard)

DIVISION X

Original Wilson men in platoons.
Wilson classmates in squadrons.
Wilson's Virginia nurse in regiments

DIVISION XI

Veterans of former parades.
Survivors of Democratic conventions.
Refugees from Illinois Democracy.

DIVISION XII

Hound dogs not used in campaign.

DIVISION XIII

11,789 band wagons with standing-room sign up.

DIVISION XIV

Democrats who have been urged by friends to take consular positions.
Democrats who are willing to come to Washington when asked and talk things over.
Democrats who have worked unselfishly all their lives for the party without asking reward, but who are about through.
Democrats who do not want anything, but have been advised by their Congressmen to hang around a few weeks.

DIVISIONS XV TO XX

Democrats who have a good chance to be postmaster. (Continued on page 28)

THE wavy *Metrostyle* line on each music roll for the Pianola Player-Piano is your guide to the master's phrasing and expression. It is *the great dividing line* between mere player-pianos and the genuine

Pianola Player-Piano

This Metrostyle line is a master pianist's phrasing and interpretation of whatever composition you wish to play. Follow it with the Metrostyle pointer by moving the tempo lever to right or left. You have an absolute guide to the *master's* rendition of that composition—whether it be Paderewski, Grieg or Moszkowski.

You have had a *music lesson* from that particular master, as actually and *personally* as if he sat at your side.

Now you have a basis from which to develop *your own* interpretation. You have had the master's suggestion and the benefit of his knowledge of music. You love music—you appreciate

music—you want music. That's why you want a player-piano—so that you can *produce* music. But you want to play *well*—you want to produce *real* music. And this means that you want the *genuine Pianola Player-Piano* with its Metrostyle to teach you how.

You will have to be *taught* to play any player-piano. Do you want *only* the instruction of the salesman who sells you your instrument? No!—you *also* want the instruction of the *master pianists* which the Metrostyle brings to you on every composition you play—on the genuine Pianola Player-Piano. The Metrostyle is an *exclusive* Pianola feature.



Go to the store in your city or town that sells the genuine Pianola Player-Piano and take a music lesson from a music master. Also, write for our book, fully describing the wonderful Metrostyle

The Aeolian Company *Aeolian Hall* New York

The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishments in the following cities:

ST. LOUIS	- - -	1004 Olive Street
CINCINNATI	- - -	25 W. 4th Street
INDIANAPOLIS	-	237 N. Pennsylvania Street
DAYTON	- - -	131 W. 3d Street
FORT WAYNE	- - -	208 W. Berry Street

The Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

Dept. 10, The Aeolian Company, *Aeolian Hall*, New York
Please send me a copy of your book, *The Pianolist*
by Gustav Kobbe.
Name _____
Address _____



Well-dressed outside;
"Faultless" inside.

Faultless Shirts

Style in men's shirts isn't acquired by ordinary shirt-making methods. We originate the latest patterns, fabrics, and "comforts" in shirts through our more than 30 years' manufacturing experience, and close contact with London and Paris ideas which we adapt to American requirements.

Our thorough knowledge of shirt-making and care for details bring you the **Faultless Nek-Gard**—the neck-band with the exclusive patent pocket that protects the neck from the front collar-button. So now not a button touches the neck either front or back.

"Faultless" shirt-making includes hand-turned cuffs, stitching with thread we test ourselves, extra strong button-holes which keep their shape, buttons sewed on to stay by our special process, stripes perfectly matched, all shirts hand-laundered and shrunk to proper size after making.

Hundreds of patterns and all styles. All materials from percales to silks. \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and up. Also our demonstration shirts, \$1.

Any "Faultless" dealer will show you a varied assortment. If you don't know the nearest "Faultless" dealer, write us and we'll tell you his name, and send you "The Dayshirt Book".

E. Rosenfeld & Co., Dept. B, Baltimore—New York
Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts, noted for style and comfort.

Barrett Specification Roofs



From Apartments, Portland, Maine.
Architects John Calvin Stevens, John Howard Stevens.

Economical on Small Roofs, Too

WE have been advertising Barrett Specification Roofs with illustrations of enormous buildings and manufacturing plants where the roof areas run as high as a million square feet. In such cases, scientific estimates of the unit cost are made, that is, the cost per square foot per year of service. Such calculations simply compel the adoption of this type of roofing.

The owner of an ordinary building, like that illustrated above, with a roof area of a few thousand square feet, also saves money by adopting Barrett Specification Roofs.

There is very little difference in unit cost between a big roof and a little one of this type, and the slight difference is completely submerged in the big gap between the cost of this and the next most economical roofing—i. e. Barrett Specification Roofs are so much more economical per year of service than any other kind that a simple examination of the figures would compel their use if they cost 50% more than they do.

As manufacturers of coal tar pitch and felt, we are interested in the success of this type of roofing. We, therefore, have made the Barrett Specification standard in the trade in order to protect owners and architects against poor workmanship and materials and insure maximum service at minimum cost.

Copy of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle, Corey, Ala.

THE PATERNON MFG. CO., Ltd.—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.



Timid Suggestions

(Concluded from page 26)

DIVISION XXI

Democrats who are going to see to it that President Wilson doesn't start any foolishness about carrying out the platform.

I do not, I repeat, claim that this is the best parade that could be devised. But it would be a vast improvement, and could be augmented and aggravated from year to year until in time Washington would extend, during the inaugural season, from Baltimore to Richmond, and its parades would thunder through history. I would start most of the parade from the Capitol and march it out in the country so far that there would be absolutely no object in charging \$2 for a seat on Pennsylvania Avenue. But in the interests of all concerned I think the Twenty-first Division should parade by itself. I would have it form at Norfolk, Va., and march east.

New Dispensation

(Concluded from page 10)

with none of the captivating and illusory qualities of Cleveland, Bryan, and Roosevelt, has been chosen by God, as Washington was chosen to create and Lincoln to save the Republic, and if that be the meaning of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy, America, crying "Gloria in Excelsis!" shall have reason to call him blessed!

I do not look for the organized wealth of the period to so see it. Capital is equally blind and timid. Property often mistakes itself for prerogative, and prerogative always clings to its accretions, however wrongful and untenable, until, obstinately refusing reform the while, it is overwhelmed by revolution. Thus it was that the South clung to slavery. So with Big Business; clasping to their bosom the high protective tariff—parent of dishonest advantage—their capitalization of the industries of the people along with the public utilities of town and country, embodied by a centralized trust system and a system of exchanges reaching out in every direction from their lair in Wall Street—the money monarchs of the East, like the planters of the South before them, reck not the deluge. They will not, or they cannot, understand that what a Democratic Governor of New Jersey has effected in two years a Democratic President of the United States may effect in four. But patriotic, disinterested, thoughtful men do; and thus it is that they are eager to gather around the new President and, as he carries forward the good work, ready to follow his lead. All is yet, as it were, in the air. But not without hope of the man and his star. He has ridden for great stakes and won them. The task before him is greater still. Decidedly, to use the old frontier vernacular, he is "to make a spoon, or spoil a horn."

And so, while most Democrats, taking little thought of the morrow, are felicitating themselves over a party triumph and worshipping at the shrine of the rising sun, I, rather old-fashioned, seeking nothing for myself, and therefore less moved, standing perhaps steadier, but not without a certain buoyancy, venture to review the past and consider the present, aiming, if possible, to get some inkling of the future both of the country and of Democracy. These, therefore, are the merest guesses at truth, given for what they may be worth, nothing extenuating, setting naught in malice. Being a Democrat and believing the gospels of Democracy, I cannot, despite my doubts and fears of Woodrow Wilson—nay, I would not—disparage the glad expectancy of any or diminish my own rejoicing in a change of parties and policies so greatly needed and withheld so long.

Why Woodrow Wilson Is Woodrow

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was in college his classmates called him "Tommy." His full name was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. This is the story he tells of how he came to change it to its present form:

"My mother's maiden name was Woodrow, and after I left college she asked me to use the name Woodrow more prominently. So I called myself T. Woodrow Wilson.

"One day one of my chums said to me: 'Wilson, there's only one man who has any right to use his name like that?'

"Who is that?" I asked.

"A damn fool," he replied.

"After that I dropped the T."



35,000 Women Have Stopped Housecleaning!

THEY know that this upheaval is absolutely unnecessary—that if they took up every rug and carpet in their homes they wouldn't get a cupful of dirt.

They know this is true because they use the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner regularly.

The Duntley is the cleaner that collects all the dirt—it does not distribute it over your handsome furnishings where it accumulates until your rugs, hangings and upholstery look grimy and positively old. Their original freshness is never restored by beating and thrashing—treatment that is ruinous beside.

Compare this with the Duntley method. Every time you use a Duntley your furnishings are actually renovated. They look like new in their sparkling cleanliness. And there's no chance of injuring even the most delicate fabric.

The Duntley cleans and protects 35,000 of the finest homes in America; such homes as these—August Belmont, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mme. Nordica, C. K. G. Billings and Mrs. Harold McCormick.

Test the Duntley yourself in your own home. Settle the vacuum cleaner question now and settle it right. Learn why the Duntley is famous for its efficiency.

Write today for booklet and address of our nearest dealer.

Duntley PNEUMATIC CLEANER

Universal Motor—Alternating or Direct Current without change

DUNTLEY PRODUCTS CO., 1240 Cranberry St., Erie, Pa.
NEW YORK—220 Fifth Ave., Vacuum Cleaner Maintenance Co.
CHICAGO—400 North American Bldg., Duntley Products Co.
PHILADELPHIA—4 Mint Arcade, Vacuum Cleaner Maintenance Co.

ST. LOUIS—1822 Locust St., Corby Supply Co.
BOSTON—386 Boylston St., Duntley Products Co.
CLEVELAND—609 Sweetland Bldg., Duntley Products Co.
PITTSBURGH—418 Wood St., Union Electric Co.
BUFFALO—37 Court St., Robertson Cataract Co.
SAN FRANCISCO—Sutter and Stockton Sts., San Francisco Comp. Air Cleaning Co.

LOS ANGELES—738 So. Hill St., F. C. Kingston Co.
SEATTLE—424 Union St., Bentley Vacuum Cleaner Agency.
INDIANAPOLIS—L. S. Ayres & Co.
ROCHESTER—Wheeler-Green Electric Co.
PORTLAND, ORE.—473 1/2 Washington St., W. L. Bentley Co.
ATLANTA—416 4th Natl. Bank Bldg., C. J. Daniel Co.
UTICA—39 Charlotte St., M. E. Hooks Co.
VANCOUVER, B. C.—791 Granville St., The Duntley Stores.

Responsible agents wanted in unassigned territory

Meredith Nicholson says:

"The Wind Before the Dawn," which I have just finished reading, is a rare American novel right out of the soil, and my heart warmed to it. I wish all the women in the U. S. who haven't anything to do but play bridge could be made to read this novel. The heartache in it is a thousand years old, but the male population is just beginning to find it out. This is not only a good novel—a sound document verily—but it's a good kind of book—the sort of thing we all of us ought to get behind and boost. If this tale had been translated from the Russian, it would be pointed to as the sort of thing American literature lacked."

Illustrated in Colors by Thomas Fogarty
Net, \$1.35.

5th Great Printing Equal to the other four Combined

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And At Our Own At The Penna. Station, N. Y.
Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, N. Y.



Portable Fireproof Garages

Cottages, stores, ware houses, implement shelters, etc.

In successful use over 4 years

Pruden System

Buildings come complete in interlocking metal units. No framing. No wood. Permanently erected or taken down. Strong, handsome, durable as masonry. Write for catalog, giving name and model of your car. Freight paid east of Rockies. Immediate shipment from stock.

METAL SHELTER CO., 5-41 W. Water St., St. Paul, Minn.

Patentees and Sole Mfrs. Pruden System Buildings

Even warmth —no tinkering



You can have even room comfort, without fussing with pointers, chains, levers, dampers, etc., by use of our strong ALL-metal

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

You set indicator hand on box (as above) in the Fall—usually at 70 degrees—then you can leave the REGITHERM alone all winter. It becomes your silent heating sentinel—no cold rooms pass its challenge! The heat in the room causes a simple, everlasting expanding and contracting device to send motion by a cable to check-and-draft-dampers of your steam-or-water-boiler. Fire is kept steady—no overheating (which wastes coal); no under-heating. Fuel savings soon pay for REGITHERM. Rooms warm early in morning and evenly all day. No electricity, compressed air or water power; no clock-work, machinery or diaphragms—wears as long as building, without repairs.

EASILY PUT ON OLD HEATING OUTFITS

The REGITHERM with special temperature ranges (60 degrees to 300 degrees) are great time and money savers for controlling hot-rooms for baths, dry-kilns or bake ovens; varnishing, painting and glueing rooms in factories—any use where uniform heat (high or low) must be kept up. Send for "New Heating Aids" booklet telling about this REGITHERM, Nor-

wall Air Valves, Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves—save your labor, patience and money. Why not write today?

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

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Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

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Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

Address: Hoosier Stove Co., 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Inauguralia

(Concluded from page 17)

The strictest probity, still will you feel
A thousand wires twitching wrist and heel—

And if that crosswise pull cramps not
your style,

You'll be a Daisy equaling T. R.

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [Beginning to weep.]

I shall be up against it in a while—

But what's that racket rising from afar?

[Cheers heard from below. The NEW ADMINISTRATION, in a more cheerful frame of mind, peeps toward earth.]

Though evil fate be brewing,

Hurrah! There's something doing!

[In spite of a slight drizzle of rain, the Inaugural Parade begins to move forward in a blaze of glory. THE INFANT catches the infection of it and bursts forth into rag-time, as follows:]

Oh! Gee!

The way they are whooping it!

Look! See!

The cavalry trooping it,

Suffragettes, biddies,

G. A. R. widdies,

West Point Cadets and Annapolis middies!

Senators, looking like best men at mar-

riages,

Gaudy ambassadors riding in carriages;

The best in the land stand

In every grand stand—

Blue and the Gray, warmly clasped, hand

in hand, stand

While silver cornets send the challenge

melodious,

"Hail to the Chief! Party strife is now

odious!"

Bryanites,

Zionites,

Thomas F. Ryanites,

Loosen their throttles and holler like

cally-opes,

Just as the crowd, like the waves round

a galley, opes

Wide, and a carriage rolls through in its

might—

Woodrow himself, bowing left and then

right.

See how his eyeglasses flash! They de-

serve a

Place on the shield of scholastic Minerva.

Pipe his wan smile

As he raises his tile

To a bevy of college boys,

There-with-the-knowledge boys

Roaring "Nas-sau!"

Woodrow tightens his jaw,

But his brow bears the look, somewhat

nervous, half dreading

Like a bridegroom approaching the hour

of his wedding.

Glorious wow!

Up-roar-i-ous row!

Say! Am I dreaming?

Lo! with bright gleaming

The Star-Spangled Banner is over him

streaming.

My Country, of thee—

Oh, say! Can you see—

Come on, you big eagles! Get in on the

screaming!

[The ANGEL has difficulty in re-

straining her son from joining

the Parade, which now turns in

and permits the Incoming Presi-

dent to take the Oath of Office.]

ANGEL OF HISTORY

Look!

His big book

The Chief Justice now broaches.

Soon 'twill be done.

Child, you must run—

The time fast approaches.

[She holds him nervously as he

poises for flight.]

Now do you fear all the turmoil and strife

Soon to encompass?

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [Kicking away

from his mother's embrace.]

Not on your life!

I'm all for the rumpus!

[He takes a high dive into Wash-

ington and alights on the rostrum

where the CHIEF JUSTICE is ad-

ministering the oath of office to

the Incoming President.]

CHIEF JUSTICE. [To Mr. Wilson.]

Do you swear to serve Truth, though you

brave thick and thin for it?

MR. WILSON

I solemnly swear it—

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [Invisible at his

elbow.]

Well, Woodrow, we're in for it!

Walk-Over
The Shoe for You

They are trustworthy!

WALK-OVERS are good shoes because they give you all the first essentials, *style, quality, fit*, in the greatest degree—the result of forty years' study of foot needs.

Their unapproachable style, strong lines and splendid fit are qualities that *prove* in service.

Get fitted in the Walk-Over way to the trustworthy Walk-Over shoe. Standard prices \$4.50 and \$5.00; other grades from \$3.50 to \$7.00.

Walk-Over stores are in nearly all cities of the world.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women,
Campello (Brockton), Mass.

The word "Walk-Over" appears on every genuine Walk-Over Shoe.

Dictator Model 500

Bell Tailor's
\$20 SUIT
made to order **\$13⁵⁰**

LET us send you our Style Book absolutely free of cost. It is illustrated with the newest and smartest New York styles, and contains 72 liberal size samples of the finest woolens, and a lot of valuable information that you should be in possession of before you buy your next suit.

Our catalog is our one salesman. We have no agents or dealers of any kind to share in the profits of your purchase. If we had we would have to pay them a commission and charge you more. We deal direct and let you make the \$6.50 we'd pay a salesman to take your orders. We send you a simple outfit with which any member of your family can take your measurements as expertly as a custom tailor can, and you get a perfect fitting guaranteed \$20 made to order suit for \$13.50.

STYLE BOOK and 72 samples FREE

Our great Special is a beautiful tailored suit made to your individual order and measure for \$13.50. Of course, the garment is worth twenty dollars, and it is only due to our system of direct selling that we are able to quote this low price. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us. There is no speculation in buying from us. You are protected by the most liberal guarantee that could possibly be given. The guarantee says that the suit must live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligation to keep it.

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Please send me your Spring catalog and samples free.

Mr.

Abbott-Detroit

THE ONE PERFECT CAR

THE Abbott-Detroit easily maintains its position as leader of motordom. This leadership is shown in the instant incorporation of the newest and best ideas in automobile construction.

The Abbott-Detroit was the first car to adopt electric lighting as regular equipment—this four years ago. The single unit electric self-starter found on every 1913 model, cannot be duplicated for dependability and efficiency.

For service, elegance, comfort and all-around mechanical perfection, the Abbott-Detroit stands the incomparable and unapproachable car.

Hundreds of shrewd buyers declare that the Abbott-Detroit cannot be matched at any price. This is as true with those having owned \$5,000 to \$10,000 cars as those who paid much less. Unsolicited testimonials being received daily show that in scores of instances 1912 Abbott-Detroits have been driven from 10,000 to 20,000 miles through all sorts of weather and road conditions without a single cent being spent for repairs.

If as an owner you want a car that will give you the same consistent service year after year, you should buy an Abbott-Detroit. As a dealer you will hold your trade and insure future success by handling this perfect and reliable car.

Models and Prices

34-40 3-Pass. Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase	\$1700
34-40 5-Pass. Touring Car, 116-inch wheelbase	\$1700
34-40 3-Pass. Colonial Coupe, 116-inch wheelbase	\$2000
44-50 5-Pass. Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheelbase	\$1975
44-50 7-Pass. Touring Car, 121-inch wheelbase	\$2000
44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheelbase	\$2150
44-50 7-Pass. Limousine, 121-inch wheelbase	\$3050
Top, Windshield and Speedometer, \$100 Extra	

ABBOTT MOTOR CO.

602 Waterloo Street
DETROIT - MICH.



A Blunder-Proof Signal Tower

A FOUR-STORY building, all of it below ground in a great white-walled pit, is the centerpiece of a group of marble and steel structures that make up the new Grand Central Railroad Terminal in New York City. The building in the pit is called a signal tower, but is no more like the old-time "switch tower" than the new Grand Central Station is like a country town "depot."

In this modern tower two men, with the aid of electric charts and electric messages flashed to a corps of signalmen, direct the movements of 800 trains a day over the terminal's thirty-two miles of track. In an emergency, the system under their control safely could handle a maximum of 200 incoming and outgoing trains an hour. The first floor of the tower, from which the switches and signals of the suburban level are operated, has 400 levers; the second floor, where the express train dispatchers work, has 362—one man to every forty levers.

Instead of looking out of windows at the tracks, the directors keep their eyes upon glass charts, where little electric lights that glow or die indicate the position of trains. It is impossible for an operator to signal a train into disaster by setting a switch the wrong way. The signal and the switch must agree or the levers automatically will balk.

This is only one of the remarkable mechanical features that make a \$180,000,000 plant safe and of high efficiency. The architectural beauty of the terminal build-

ings and the high degree of ingenuity required to build the new station on the site of the old and deepen the pit without interruption of traffic are features so obvious that they have been praised at great length, while "honorable mention" of some of these operating methods has been overlooked. The ceiling of the main waiting room, with its signs of the zodiac and as skillful an imitation of sky and stars as a Belasco could devise, escapes no one's attention, while the signal tower in the pit, the fire-fighting system, the power house that stands over the yards on stilts with monster smokestacks that appear to be

Egyptian pillars, are overlooked or forgotten.

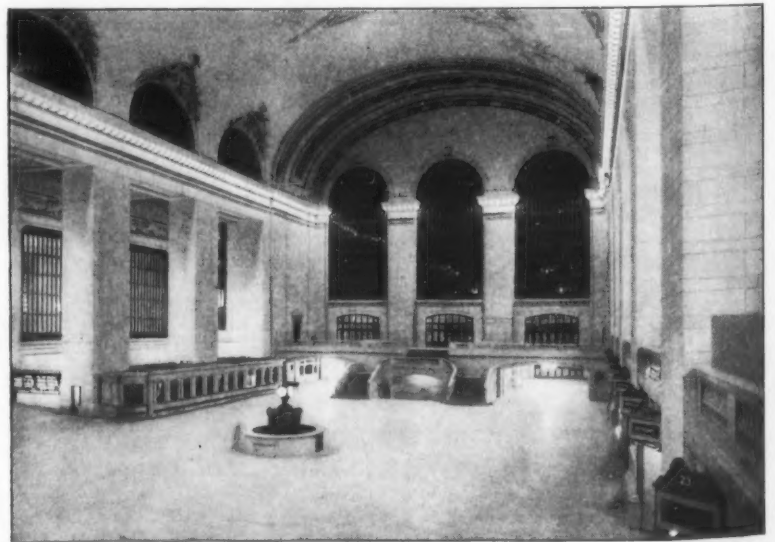
In a space only 100 x 90 feet, the power house has 28 boilers and develops 17,400 horsepower. The stacks are inconspicuous, though they stand 200 feet high and are 17 feet in diameter. Two more shafts that look like Egyptian pillars hide a water tank with a capacity of 30,000 gallons.

Pipes that carry hot and cold water, compressed air, steam, and suction power for vacuum cleaners reach every corner of

the plant. The precautions against fire are as elaborate as those to secure safety in train dispatching: there are 125 fire-alarm boxes and nearly 300 connections for fire hose. Another costly protection against emergencies is a duplicate electric light supply. This care for safety is evident even in the way the tracks are laid. Creosoted yellow pine blocks, set in concrete, are the roadbed; and the rails are securely fastened with screw spikes.



Watching this chart, he dispatches 400 trains a day



Among the much-praised architectural features of the Grand Central Station, this main waiting room, with a Belasco-like ceiling of sky and stars, is notable

United States **NOBBY TREADS** and **CHAIN TREADS** are the most widely-used non-skid tires in the world because they deserve to be

They protect the car against the danger of skidding as no other tires have ever done before.

They give a generous amount of extra mileage due to the extra thickness of the treads. In fact, entirely aside from the skidding protection these tires are known to give, any motorist can well afford to use them for the sake of economy alone.



NOBBY TREAD

The motorist who wants the very highest type of tire from the standpoint of safety, appearance and economy will find it in large measure in these popular tires.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

Nobby and Chain Tread Tires are made in three styles, including the GENUINE DUNLOP.



CHAIN TREAD

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

UNIVERSALLY BEST

Where salt-laden sea mists forever drive—exposed to the smoky, corrosive fogs of the city or even in dank, fever-infested tropic swamps

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

remains unchanged and permanently efficient.

Drawn from billets of solid bronze, its bare wires resist all climatic conditions and, barring fire or accident, last a lifetime. Screens filled with Pompeian Bronze Screen Cloth never need painting. Get the genuine by looking for removable red string woven into selvage. If your dealer won't supply you we will promptly.

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First Power Loom Weavers in the World

65 STERLING STREET

Makers of Clinton Wire Lathing and Clinton Electrically Welded Fabric, for reinforcing concrete. Both recognized as standard by architects and engineers of both continents



What kind of music do you like best?



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
Oak

The Victor-Victrola will bring your kind of music right into your home.

Your kind of music—the kind you like best—sung and played as you have probably never heard it before.

Your kind of music perfectly rendered by the world's greatest artists whenever you wish to hear it.

You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a \$100 or \$200 instrument—any Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home will play every record in the Victor catalog, and will give you almost as perfect music as the Victrola XVI, the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors



Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak
Other styles \$15 to \$150

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Pure Food

(Continued from page 22)

thought that the article was not pure. Do you think it was adulterated?—Mrs. E. F. H., Kansas City, Mo.

We feel sure that the extract you mention was not adulterated. It has been our experience that there is little adulteration in these preparations. Sugar of milk, glucose, and glycerin are occasionally found, and, in the case of fluid extracts, preservatives are sometimes added. Perhaps Liebig's views on the value of meat extracts may throw some light on this matter:

Neither tea nor extract of meat gives nutriment in the ordinary sense; they possess a far higher importance by certain medicinal properties of a peculiar kind—taken in proper proportions they strengthen the internal resistance of the body to the most various external injurious influences. It is surely a grave offense against all the laws of physiology to compare tea, coffee, and extract of meat with the more common articles of food, and, because they are not that, to draw the inference that they are nothing at all.

Think This Over

I am very thin. A friend recommends Sanatogen. What do you know of it? Would you recommend it?—S. F., Worcester, Mass.

We do not recommend any proprietary remedy. Here are the facts; also some quotations from high authority. We trust they may be of interest to you. State Chemist Street of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station gives the analysis of Sanatogen, which, without going into minute details, is as follows:

The material is a mixture of casein and sodium glycerophosphate with a small amount of unidentified protein, equivalent to .23 per cent nitrogen, containing both phosphorus and sulphur, and a small amount of phosphorus, .11 per cent in inorganic combination.

Dr. Folin of Harvard Medical School says:

For myself or for anyone who would take my advice, I would prefer a glass of milk to Sanatogen when hungry, and plain glycerophosphate to Sanatogen when in need of a tonic. Medicated food used to be sold for horses. To me the "food tonic" combination represents one of the most unscrupulous fake ideas used by manufacturers of patented articles to fool the public.

Dr. Lusk of Cornell University, after condemning Sanatogen and stating that its nutritive material could be secured in one pint of milk, says:

That sodium glycerophosphate has any distinctly beneficial physiological action has never to my knowledge been shown.

To quote Chemist Street further:

In spite of these words of condemnation, Sanatogen is strongly indorsed by certain European scientists and literary men of more or less reputation. It is difficult, therefore, for a layman to venture an opinion as to its merits as a food and a tonic, other than to point out that its chief constituents, casein and organic phosphorus, may be obtained just as well in milk and eggs at a very much lower cost.

The Curse of the Fine-Print Label

My family was recently made quite ill through eating a simple arrowroot dessert flavored with an expensive and "guaranteed pure-food" raspberry extract. Printed on the bottle label in microscopic lettering is the following formula:

Butyric Acid
Acetate Amyl
Tinc. Orris Root.
Colored.

Are the above chemicals poisonous? The other ingredients of the dessert were as pure as food can possibly be, as they came from honest sources.—H. F. H., New York City.

This seems to be a fair type of the fake raspberry extract for whose existence there can be no excuse except commercial greed, as it is perfectly possible to manufacture true raspberry extract, an article which has lately become commercially possible. Barring the orris root, and possibly the color, we would not dare to use either of the other drugs in any domestic preparation. It pays to read the label.

Are your
glasses a
pleasure?

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE
MOUNTINGS

There's no slip to Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings fitted with H-7 Guards

Touching the sides of nose at the right point, H-7 Guards keep Shur-ons in place with hardly noticeable spring pressure.

New Shur-ons have many other improvements—soft pressure springs, neater lines, greater comfort, increased durability.

Always best, 1912 improvements make Shur-ons better than ever—the result of 48 years acquired skill.

Write for
"How to Buy Glasses
Intelligently."
E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Third Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.
Established in 1864

LOOK FOR

THE NAME
ON THE
BRIDGE

Design No. 8874. Size 17x22 inches.
Tinted in shades of Yellow and Green and
outlined with Black

Free

Conventional Pillow Outfit

This handsome conventional design pillow outfit given away absolutely free. Pillow top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit includes:

- 1 Pillow Top.
- 1 Pillow Back.
- 1 Easy Diagram Lesson.
- 1 Premium Art Book (500 Premium Designs.)
- 6 SKEINS RICHARDSON'S GRAND PRIZE GRECIAN SILK FLOSS.

How to Get the Pillow Outfit

Just send us 30c in stamps or silver to cover the regular retail price of the silk and postage on outfit. Pillow Top, Diagram Lesson, Premium Art Book given to you free.

Send Today Do not delay. Just send us 30c in stamps or silver.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY

305-309 W. Adams St., Dept. 2373, Chicago, Ill.



"3-in-One" is a household oil, lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—

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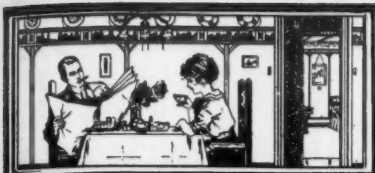
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Musselwhite

(Continued from page 11)

cherish some feeling of gratitude to a Bull Mooser, or at least have some trace of fraternal regard for him. It is still being taught in the public schools here that the Progressives elected Wilson.

Now that Mr. Hammett and Mr. Braden have the chance to join with their former associates in thwarting a despicable Democratic conspiracy, what do they do? They hold aloof. They suggest the possible futility, not to say inconsistency, of a Bull Mooser asking a Democrat to award prize money to a Republican.

It has been pointed out to Messrs. Braden and Hammett that Mrs. Bagley is not a Republican. She is only a woman. Politically she is a vacuum, and in a crisis a vacuum is preferable to a Democrat.

But, the two argue, the Progressives propose to endow her with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. By 1915 she will be the same as a man, except as to outward appearances.

FURTHERMORE, after Beveridge is elected in 1916, it is possible that either Mr. Braden or Mr. Hammett, or both of them, will be in line for the postmaster-ship. Why should they complicate their destinies by indorsing a predecessor?

They say that their hopes of a Progressive triumph in 1916 are founded upon a belief that the democracy will prove inadequate, inefficient, disunited, and altogether bewildered by responsibility. They profess to believe that the fruition of their wishes can best be assured, locally, by the appointment of any one of the eleven now striving for the post office. Therefore, they are standing aside, calmly neutral and gazing into the future.

We have every reason to believe that when William Howard Taft exits and Woodrow Wilson enters, the appointment of Mrs. Philo Bagley will be hung up in the Senate, awaiting confirmation.

The question now being put at the harness shop is: "What will Mr. Wilson do?"

Not what will he do regarding currency reform, the Philippines, interstate commerce, or the conservation of water power, but what will he do for the men who put Scott Township into the Democratic column?

Will he have the manhood to rebuke Mr. Taft's trickery and recall the Indiana appointments, so that we may have a Democrat in the post office, say, not later than April 1?

Or will he shuffle and evade and pretend to be busy with something else while Mrs. Bagley draws a salary for sitting in her glass cage and doing fancywork?

WE know where Tom Marshall stands, but it seems that he will merely preside over the Senate and will have no power to veto or sidetrack these appointments now lying on his desk.

We don't know where Mr. Wilson stands on this or any other vital issue. It has been suggested that he may regard it as an act of courtesy (one college professor to another) to let these appointments slide through. We cannot believe that he will deliberately close the gate against those who have traveled such a long road to find the promised land.

We want to get in, and we don't want to be compelled to gnaw our way in or dig a tunnel.

Congressman Mooney is not acting to suit us. It will be his duty to go to the White House early on the morning of March 5, demand the recall of the Bagley appointment, and submit the name of a good Democrat as her successor.

How can he make a choice when each of the eleven applicants has the indorsement of the entire rank and file of the party?

IT is related that during the campaign Congressman Mooney met all of our neighborhood workers and assured them, singly and in a whisper, that he would not forget his friends after the campaign was over.

Each of the eleven regarded this confidential bromide as a virtual promise of the post office, and now he is trying to collect.

There is only one escape for Congressman Mooney. If the appointment of Mrs. Bagley is confirmed, he can join with the eleven disappointed applicants in denouncing a defunct Administration and a few moral cowards in the Senate.

On the other hand, if the appointment is rejected and he is compelled to name a postmaster for Musselwhite, he will have

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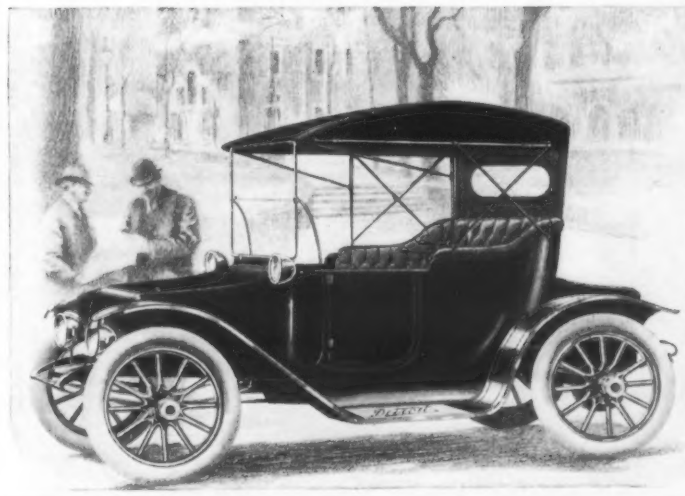
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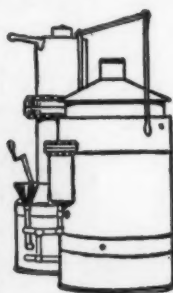
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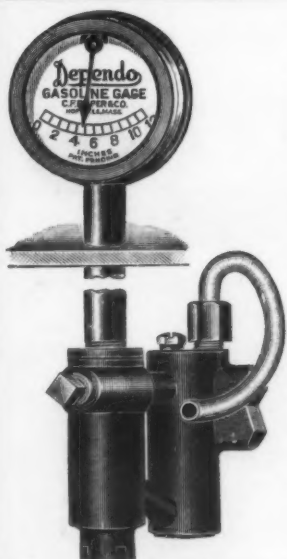
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Musselwhite

(Continued from page 38)

ten lifelong enemies in Scott Township, and may lose our delegates in 1914.

No wonder that many who were most eager in his support last October now complain that his letters consist entirely of introduction and conclusion, and contain no substance upon which hope may be fed.

Of the eleven candidates, each has a large claim on party gratitude.

Uncle Homer Sleeth was a Democrat when they used to shoot at them. He had rifles stored in his barn at the time of the Morgan raid, and was ready to lead a local uprising as soon as Morgan appeared in Musselwhite. Now he feels that he should not be set down behind a parcel of upstarts.

Orville Snydercker once contributed a steer to a Shelbyville barbecue, and at Seymour, during an Elks' carnival, licked a man for insulting the memory of Daniel Voorhees.

Alfred Bosh spoke in every schoolhouse in the county last autumn. He was willing to go to Indianapolis and speak in Tomlinson Hall, but the campaign committee told him he was needed in the back townships. Also he sang either a high bass or a low tenor in the Wilson and Marshall Glee Club.

G. W. Cluf proved his utter loyalty to the party by voting for Bryan three times, although convinced on each occasion that the election of Bryan would greatly decrease the value of his lumber yard.

ELDAD GRUBER was an assistant sergeant at arms at the Kansas City Convention of 1900. He was in charge of a gallery door, and took care of more than two hundred Hoosiers who had failed to supply themselves with tickets.

Hiram Soderfield has stood outside the polling place at every election since 1896 with a small pass book in his hand. The book contained an alphabetical list of the registered voters, and each name carried certain hieroglyphics, of no meaning unless you understood the cipher. Mr. Soderfield holds the town record for challenging Republicans and swearing in Democrats.

B. Sanford Winger has a spare bedroom in which William Jennings Bryan once slept. It was his automobile that carried Mr. Bryan to the Chautauqua at Maple Grove. He now has a bill against the Hendricks Club for the rental of a room above his store. This bill will be receipted within an hour after he gets his commission as postmaster, otherwise he will try to collect it.

WILEY HOLDER acted as secretary of the Congressional Convention, and held Governor Ralston's overcoat during the delivery of a masterly address to the coal miners at Brazil. He has a penetrating voice, suitable for the reading of resolutions; is a graduate of a correspondence school, and has promised to give all of his time to the duties of the office if named as postmaster.

Vernon Tibbetts moved in from a farm six years ago, and since then has devoted most of his abundant leisure to a consideration of the problems confronting the American people. He is in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's tariff-revision program, and will be from time to time. In the recent campaign he donated two hickory saplings which were spliced into the flagpole raised at the ratification meeting. It would be convenient for him to assume the duties of the office he is seeking. For several years he has spent most of his time in and around the post office.

THE Hon. Jesse Whitfield has yielded to the importunities of his friends, all of whom have proved their friendship by extending financial credit to him. They have urged his appointment on the broad ground that practically the whole community will be benefited if he can get hold of some money. He is a gentleman of the old school, wearing boots and a low-cut vest, and is greatly admired even by those who hold his paper. His practice as a criminal lawyer has been wiped out by oppressive local-option laws. He is too dignified to solicit fire insurance, but he would be an ideal postmaster if he could find the right kind of deputy. He has always been a Democrat, except during the time that he was a Greenbacker.

George Murth feels that he has a prior claim because of certain strategies that he directed during the campaign. It is known

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Nat'l Spawn Co., Dept. 94, Boston, Mass.

Musselwhite

(Concluded from page 34)

that he was seen in conversation with Tom Taggart at the New Denison Hotel during the State Convention. Shortly before election he received at least one letter from Steve Fleming of Fort Wayne. Mr. Murth represents the organization, and is not to be ignored. He believes himself to be truly progressive, and will know for certain as soon as Mr. Wilson shows his hand.

Take any one of the eleven and you must admit that he has a right to ask and expect some reward at the hands of triumphant Democracy.

The day of days has come, but the sun is not shining in Musselwhite. The situation is what you might call tense. Our representatives at Washington are either inactive or helpless.

Now for the nub of the whole perplexing problem.

Suppose a low-down trade is made in the Senate and those eleventh-hour appointments are confirmed. Mrs. Bagley will remain in the post office until 1917, and any Democrat with a memory knows what may happen by that time.

IS there any Government regulation against matrimony? Mr. Mordecai Stoffe walks home with Mrs. Bagley every evening after she closes the office. He is a widower of marrying habit. Also, he is the kind of Republican who keeps a picture of Uncle Joe Cannon in his room at the hotel.

It is believed that he will propose to Mrs. Bagley—if the appointment is confirmed. Between them, with the salary assurance, they could afford a red run-about costing six hundred dollars. The machine would be standing in front of the post office. This under a Democratic Administration!

What is Mr. Wilson going to do for Musselwhite?

A Day's End

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

*As held in place by two great stars,
one cloud
Keeps fire above the ocean's level
gray,
A fishing boat lies outlined spar and
shroud
Where last lights fade away
Along the pallid streak that was to-
day.*

A Son of Hagar

(Continued from page 19)

"So I never did a decent thing in my life until Joe helped me. I would do anything—anything, Maisie, for him."

She did not answer. Everything was very still around them, so that their horses' feet made a soft, padding sound on the sand.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "were your mother and your father happy?"

"Those things are never happy," he said, although he knew what she wanted him to answer. "They cannot be."

THE roof of his mouth was dry; Joe seemed to him like a man in a dream, and he was fading out, just as dream people do, leaving nothing but confusion and half-real memories in his mind. He felt dizzy, and nothing seemed real to him but the purring sound made by the blood at his temples.

"My father came back here," he said at last, "and he married again. A white woman. He has forgotten my mother... he would not know me if he saw me."

"Leon!" she said, and turned toward him, her hands outstretched.

"I—I cannot," he said. "And I must not come back again. It is all wrong—it is all wrong. You are to marry Joe, and I—I must be glad. I—"

"Leon," she said again. She rode close to him and put her hand on his arm.

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the product of a clean, decent plant that your eyes and taste can't tell the difference.

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So long as you are willing to buy blindly, so long as you take the products of the filthy plant as readily as those of

the clean one, so long as you allow yourself to be fooled by good-looking labels, just so long will the man who operates one of these foul dens find it easy to make a profit out of your carelessness.

And the moment you begin to draw a sharp distinction between his goods and those of decent manufacturers, his power to cheat and harm you ends. This distinction is already drawn for you—already waiting for you to make use of it. When you are tired of running needlessly the risk of being cheated into eating foul and filthy foods, you can protect yourself once and finally by simply sending for

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This Book was originally published for the citizens of Westfield, but the Board of Health has reprinted it for general distribution, and will

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A Son of Hagar

(Continued from page 35)

He looked down at her, bending over her so that he could see her eyes. "Carita!" he whispered. "Help me—help me to do what is right. Help me to think—"

She hid her face in her hands. "It happens like this sometimes, Maisie—it is all wrong. There are too many things between us, things I cannot even tell you. But you cared for him before—it will be the same again, and you will marry him."

IT was not hard for him to remember Joe now; he could see his kindly blue eyes as plainly as if he were riding beside him.

"This is nothing, Maisie—just a little thing. It is the other that is right. I am going away. Joe will understand about it— Promise me, dear."

"I will."

"You mustn't cry, carita. And you will tell him about this—he has a right to know. Maisie—Maisie!" he whispered.

Then he drew in his breath sharply, like a man fighting for air.

"Now," he said, "you're going to race me to the ranch."

"I can't, Léon—"

"You have to—we can't stand this."

So she straightened her shoulders and swung forward in the saddle.

"Come on," she said, hysterically, "and watch me beat you!"

They raced to the ranch, the ponies neck to neck, and Maisie's loosened hair like a cloud around her shoulders. And she won by a full length.

She slid out of the saddle and stood for a moment looking up at him.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered.

"Good-by," he said, and waited while she walked up the white road that led to the house. The young cottonwoods met above her head in a lacework of black leaves, so that the moonlight made a tracery of gold on her hair.

Then Léon turned his horse back toward the town. When he rode into the yard of the courthouse he was trembling all over, and he had to wait before he could get down. But he wanted to see Joe. He went into the sheriff's office and stood with his back against the door.

"Joe!" he said.

The sheriff looked up from a gun that he was oiling.

"Joe—I—" But the words died on his lips.

"I was waiting for you, Léon. Read this."

Léon took the telegram, and the words danced before his eyes.

"That's Harper—wiring from Los Angeles. They must want the man bad. I've figured it out that he's up around the Gila somewhere. We're going out together."

Léon read the meager description on the yellow sheet.

"There's five thousand on his head," the sheriff said, giving Léon a box of cartridges, which he automatically emptied into his belt. "And I've been waiting for you five minutes. The horses are outside."

Léon followed him as he ran across the yard. They cut around the town and across the old levee at a run, and Léon remembered the night when the sheriff had trailed him, as they were trailing another man. Joe rode ahead, getting down sometimes to throw his flash along the ground.

"New tracks," he said at last. "It may be—"

SO they staked the horses in the mesquite and went ahead, sometimes walking and sometimes crawling, but keeping in the shadow of the levee. Gradually the sheriff dropped behind, and Léon found himself directing their every move.

"If he is here," he said, "he must know this country, and he will be in one of two places. I cannot keep up with the tracks."

He struck out into the chaparral, the sheriff close behind him.

He crawled up one of the low dunes and lay with his ear against the sand, listening.

"Come on," he said, sliding down the dune and skirting around its base.

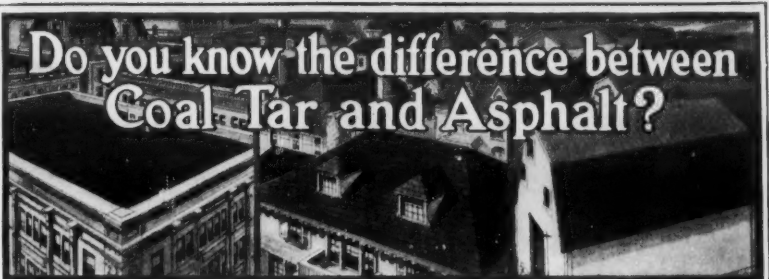
"Can you see him, Léon?"

"No—but he is there."

Léon stopped suddenly and crouched down behind a clump of mesquite.

"He has heard us."

The sheriff crept up behind him. "You stay here," he said, "and I'll get around on the other side of him."



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A Son of Hagar

(Concluded from page 37)

"I will crawl around there."

"No."

Léon looked down at the shadowy body half hidden by a barricade of brush built just beyond the circle of firelight.

"He is no fool," he said. There was a singing sound, and a little whirl of sand eddied in front of Léon's face. Some broken twigs rattled down above him.

"Let me go, Joe. I know this place better than you."

He turned over and crawled around back of the bush, trying to make a wide circle around the fire. The bullets followed him. The brambles caught in his clothing, and when he tore it loose it made a little ripping sound that seemed as loud as a rifle report. Léon wasted no shots, for he had no time to reload.

The camp was well planned. There was a cleared space around it on three sides, and the barricade was built in a dugout at the foot of a dune. It was not a matter of strategy—it was a matter of luck. And Léon knew that luck was against him. He had wanted to do something for Joe; and the time had come. To get his man alive meant a great deal to Joe, and Léon's life meant very little to himself or to anyone else. He did not think about these things. He was tingling all over with a full appreciation of the excitement and the danger.

HE had to get the man, and he had to make him think that only one was after him. He wanted to get to the far side of the fire, where the cleared space was narrower. He moved the bushes above him purposely, and a bullet answered every movement. He was struck once in the shoulder, but he could use his arm, although his hand was sticky with blood.

He got to the other side of the fire and stood up unsteadily. He ran toward the barricade, emptying his six-shooter. He thought of Joe, of Maisie. He saw one quick spurt of flame after another, and behind them a white face—the face of the hobo who had been one of his old gang.

Then he pressed both hands to the pit of his stomach and pitched forward on his face.

The sheriff ran up on the hobo from behind as Léon had planned. He knocked the gun out of his hand and tied his arms behind him.

He ran to Léon and lifted him in his arms. Léon smiled up at him. He saw the mist over Joe's eyes, and he tried to say something, but he could not.

"Maisie—" he whispered.

The sheriff sat there, with Léon in his arms, for a long time, and the hobo watched him over the camp fire. Joe had forgotten about his prisoner. He was thinking how wrong it was he had not told Léon that James Darling had no need to be ashamed of his oldest son.

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The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 25 MARCH 8, 1913

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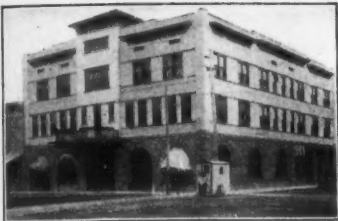
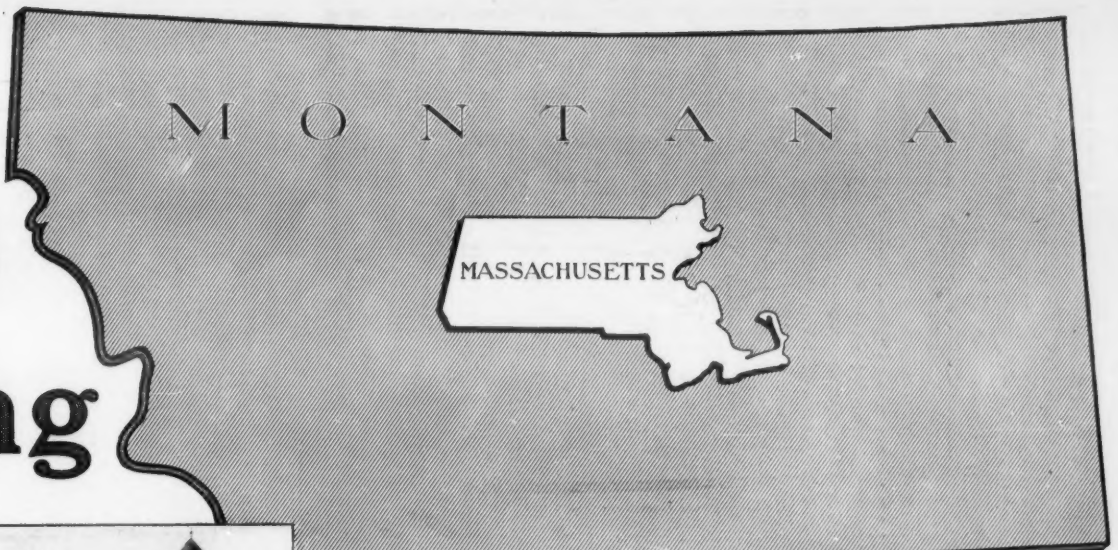
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In each of these cities we have at present 170 building lots. We will sell to 170 people—first come, first served—one lot in each of these five cities in these three states for \$500—\$500 for the entire five lots—payable in installments and free from taxes until paid for.

Should the purchaser die before the whole sum is paid, but after paying \$250, we will deliver deeds to all five lots to his or her heirs or assigns free from further payments.

5 lots in 5 cities in 3 states, \$500

In considering this opportunity remember the histories of Denver, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Omaha. They grew almost to maturity in the face of conditions that these new cities in this wonderful land will never have to encounter.

We have termed our plan "The Divided Risk Plan." The law of averages and the divided risk has made possible the great success of all life, fire and marine insurance. We are the first to adapt this plan to real estate investment. A lot in any of the above young cities would undoubtedly prove a fortunate investment. One lot in each is as certain to prove profitable as anything that is mortal can be forecasted. Only a limited number can take advantage of this offer—we have advertised it twice before and inquiries are pouring in. Preference is being given in the order in which orders are being received. Fill in the coupon below or write us a personal letter for full particulars. This kind of opportunity comes but once in a generation.

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Date _____

Please register this inquiry and send me at once full particulars about the five towns mentioned in your advertisement in Collier's Weekly, March 8th, and your plan for investment. It is understood that this request involves no obligation of any kind on my part.

Name _____

No. _____

Street _____

County _____

State _____

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